

Sports Illustrated

ESTABLISHED 1954 \$4.00/ISSUE

JOE NAMATH AND HIS JITTERY JETS



Now from Kool, for low-tar smokers looking for taste...

KOOL MILDs.

The taste of extra coolness
with lowered tar, too.

Now for the first time,
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makes Kool Kings
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Here is the taste of extra
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to enjoy.



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Enjoy a cooler kind of mild.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined,
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Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,
by FTC method. Kool Kings 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine.

Kool Longs 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

Play the odds. You'll save.

You can save money on your out-of-state Long Distance calls if you keep this rate chart in mind.

Especially the column headed "Dial-it-Yourself" calls.

If you compare the rate for person-to-person calls with the rate for dial-it-yourself calls, you'll see a great difference. So if you're willing to play the odds on reaching a specific person when you call, your savings can be big. In fact, in many cases — as in the case of coast-to-coast calls — you can get two calls for the price of one.

The reason rates are so much less on interstate dial-direct calls is that they cost so much less to handle. Often a person-to-person call ties up our circuits and an operator for long periods.

Know when you can save on Long Distance calls and how much. Examine the rate chart above. Cut it out and keep it near your phone. Knowing is worth the effort. 

Examples of Long Distance rates for coast to coast calls				
	Dial-it- Yourself	Station-to-Station Operator- Assisted	Person to Person	
Weekends	8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Sat. and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sun.	70¢ first 3 minutes	\$1 40 first 3 minutes	\$3 55 first 3 minutes
Evenings	5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sun. through Fri.	85¢ first 3 minutes	\$1 40 first 3 minutes	\$3 55 first 3 minutes
Nights	11 p.m. to 8 a.m. daily	75¢ first minute (minimum call)	\$1 40 minimum call (3 minutes)	\$3 55 minimum call (3 minutes)
Weekdays	8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mps. through Fri.	\$1 35 first 3 minutes	\$1 85 first 3 minutes	\$3 55 first 3 minutes

Rates shown (line is not included) are for the days, hours and durations indicated and for the types of calls specified at the head of the columns. Rates may be even less, of course, on out of state calls for shorter distances. Dial-it-yourself rates apply on all interstate calls (excluding Hawaii and Alaska) completed from a residence or business phone without operator assistance. They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone where direct dialing facilities are not available. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person to person, coin, hotel guest, credit card, or collect calls, or to calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls. * Use minute minimum calls available only at the times shown and additional minutes are 20¢ each, coast to coast.

Which of these cities has the highest infant mortality rate?



New York



Philadelphia



Boston



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

For every 1000 babies born in Chicago, the latest records show, 24.4 die within their first year. Which is the highest infant mortality rate among these cities.

San Francisco is lowest, with 18.4 deaths per thousand live births.

But no matter the location, the nation as a whole has little to be proud of in this regard. In the latest UN ranking, 22 countries have lower infant mortality rates than the United States.

And in the big cities, where so many people live and so many new people are born, there's special concern.

There's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these seven. So we share the concern of sixty million people.

Who needs information
About SIDS, for example
Sudden Infant Death? KMOX
St. Louis told listeners about
this mysterious syndrome, the
No. 1 killer nationwide of
babies under one year old.

WHBM Newstradio, working with the State of Illinois Department of Children and Family Services, focused Chicago's attention on a specific ghetto neighborhood where infant mortality runs unusually high.

The well-being of the very young is one major problem. But only one.

We try to keep our listeners
aware of all the fast-moving
developments of these times
And of the complexities

Bad news: Good news. A step forward here, a step back there.

In today's world there aren't too many easy answers or quick solutions to report. And spoon-feeding doesn't do anyone but habits much good.

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We feel responsible to over
60 million people.

WHEE Newradio 39, Boston
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KCBS Newradio 74, San Francisco
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order (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) to Official * NFL Posters, Box 9768, St. Paul, Minnesota 55195. Don't forget your return address.

Remember each team has approved its own poster as best typifying the team's spirit and drive. Decorate your room, den, office with one or the full set of 29 in vibrant colors.

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| ☐ BRONCOS | ☐ EAGLES | ☐ PATRIOTS | ☐ NFC CONFERENCE |
| ☐ BROWNS | ☐ FALCONS | ☐ RAIDERS | ☐ AFC CONFERENCE |
| ☐ CARDINALS | ☐ 49ERS | ☐ RAMS | ☐ Full set of 29 |
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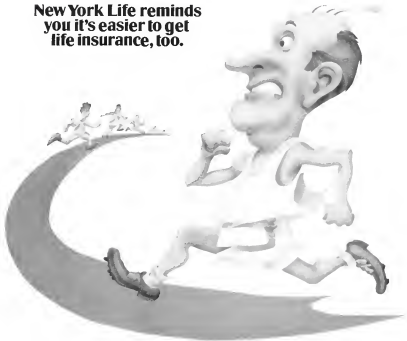
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means you'll probably find life insurance easier to get.

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Next week

THE ROUNDBALL BOUNCES again and the stars of the game (well, most of the stars) are tuned up as pro basketball—league-jumpers, holdouts and all—moves into a new season

TROJAN WARRIORS have made USC the top-ranked college football team, but beating two-time Rose Bowl champion Stanford may just turn out to be a horse of another color.

WHAT MAKES IAE TICK—or is it more of a buzz? Curry Kirkpatrick explores Nistae's personality as the Romanian prepares for the Davis Cup final round against the U.S.



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Start walking.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

25 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '92.

Sports Illustrated

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

This week's cover picture of New York Jet Quarterback Joe Namath is a notable milestone for Photographer Neil Leifer, whose 100th SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cover it is. His first, slightly coincidentally, was of another New York quarterback, Y. A. Tittle of the Giants, whose likeness graced our issue dated Nov. 29, 1961—back when Neil, now 29, was not even old enough to rent cars at the far-flung airports to which his assignments carried him.

Since those days Neil's cover subjects have ranged from Kentucky Derby Winner Candy Spots (SI, May 6, 1963) to the entire starting lineup of the St. Louis Cardinal baseball team and Manager Red Schoendienst (SI, Oct. 7, 1968).

Our cover picture, for obvious reasons, is usually the most important illustration presented each week by the magazine and it can also be the most difficult to capture. "Neil is often given this assignment because he brings it off so consistently," says Picture Editor George Bloodgood. Leifer's own favorite cover, however, was neither his most difficult one, to his mind, his best picture. It emerged from the Tokyo Olympics of 1964, and showed the torchbearer circling the track at the opening day ceremonies (SI, Oct. 19, 1964). "You see," explains Neil, "it was my first Olympics and I was so moved by being there, more than by any Olympics I have covered since. To have presented a moment from that particular Olympics on the cover was really thrilling."

Another of Leifer's choices was the outcome of his gift for persuading bulky subjects to behave. The cover was the group portrait of the Cardinals. "I was all set up, but I was only given about five minutes in the locker room to get the shot," Leifer recalls. "The players were all in civvies and impatient to climb into uniform and get out on the field. I had to convince them, first, that the picture was important and that it would work, and then shoot it before the group broke up into horseplay and giving me the bird."



Perhaps this is why Leifer prefers news-coverage action shots to any other sort of cover try. Even Duane Thomas can't flip Neil the bird when he's trying to sweep end. "My idea of the perfect cover is the hero of the game making the big play," says Neil, "or a shot of a moment or an event that has helped shape sports history, like the first Clay-Liston fight."

The easiest cover assignments? "The big heroes," says Leifer. "Ah, Namath, Mark Spitz, Bob Seagren—they all seem to have a sporting charisma. Everything they do, even in the studio, is visually right."

Well, not always. To prepare for a multiple-exposure cover shot of Namath dropping back to pass (SI, Oct. 17, 1966), Leifer worked for two days in our New York studio with another photographer, John Iacono, acting as Namath's stand-in. "When Namath moved in he just didn't look nearly as good as John," says Neil. "I had to tell him to study John's moves and try to imitate them."

Which demonstrates another reason why Neil Leifer is the man of 100 covers. He has his courage.

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At prices for every purse.

In the most popular cigar shapes.

Taste a great cigar.

Taste a Garcia y Vega.

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But we still keep getting fresh ideas.

Garcia y Vega

Cognateur's Choice Since 1882

Sometimes a 24-hour pass can pass very slowly.



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For millions of servicemen and women, the answer has always been the USO. It's a friendly place where they can come in, read, write letters home, have a sandwich and a 'shake. It's a place where servicemen can get reasonable accommodations for themselves and their families; tickets to shows and sporting events; all kinds of things like that.

But now the USO may not always be around for our 2 million men and women still in uniform. Because it takes money to make the USO go. And there isn't enough money to go around. And that's just a simple fact of life.

The fact is, USO gets no government funds. It is a completely non-profit organization that depends entirely on your contributions. Every penny comes from your gifts to the United Fund, Community Chest or local USO campaign.

Remember, there are still 2 million servicemen and women in some tough, lonely, out of the way places. A lot of them are a long way from home. They need the USO more than ever.

So please give. There's still so much to be done.





Squirt. The soft drink that moonlights as a mixer.

It's not every soft drink
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But Squirt's not like every
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It's natural. No artificial
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That's Squirt.

How do you take yours?

Squirt

Our secret ingredient grows on grapefruit trees.

Now that you have more hair, style with more drying power.

[Don't waste time with less powerful stylers, get Schick's Styling Dryer]



This guy starts with a lot of wet hair. So do you, probably.

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New Control Spray that doesn't stiffen hair. Don't run the whole natural thing with a stiff spray. Get Schick's new Dry Styler. It has protein. Protein is the real key here. It helps give you that good control, without giving you that stiff, strawhead look.





Six facts you won't read in an ad for any other steel belted radial tire.

1 THE PIRELLI CINTURATO CN 75 IS THE ONLY TIRE TO USE "TRAC STEEL 21" STEEL CORDS (COMPOSED OF A VIRTUALLY UNHEARD-OF NUMBER OF STEEL FILAMENTS)

In the Cinturato steel belted radial, each steel cord is made up of 21 individual filaments.

We know of no other tire that uses that many. Although they should.

Because the more filaments of steel used in a cord, the greater the directional flexibility of the tire.

Or to put it in layman's terms, you get better traction, better handling and a more comfortable ride.

2 THE CN 75 IS THE ONLY TIRE TO COMBINE THE STRENGTH AND PROTECTION OF STEEL WITH THE EFFORTLESS HANDLING AND QUIET COMFORT OF TEXTILE

Because of its unique combination of "Trac-Steel 21" and rayon, the Pirelli Cinturato has handling and comfort characteristics not usually associated with steel belted tires.

This unique combination enables the Cinturato to corner, maneuver and grip the road like the treads of a tank.

Yet ride smoothly and silently. Without harshness. Without hum. Without vibration. On any surface. At any speed.

3 THE CN 75 IS THE ONLY TIRE THAT WAS NOT ONLY DESIGNED FOR AMERICAN CARS, IT WAS TUNED TO THEM

Like many other steel belted radials, the Cinturato was designed for American car suspensions.

But then we at Pirelli put the Cinturato through a performance test. For over a million miles. Under all kinds of driving conditions.

We tested our tire on American roads. On virtually every class of American car. From the mini cars to the luxury cars to the high performance jobs.

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Before we introduced it to you.

4 BEFORE THE CN 75 WAS INTRODUCED, WE ROAD TESTED IT FOR OVER A MILLION MILES TO BE SURE WE COULD GUARANTEE YOU AT LEAST 40,000

Now don't think that every car we tested got 40,000 miles. Some only got 30,000. Some got over 50,000. (When you test under conditions as tough as we did there are bound to be variations.)

But we are sure we can guarantee you at least 40,000 miles. And there's something else different about Pirelli's guarantee.

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In other words, we didn't just guarantee our tire and hope you wouldn't read the fine print.

5 EVERY SINGLE CN 75 IS COMPLETELY X RAY INSPECTED AFFORDING US 100% QUALITY CONTROL

We at Pirelli have been making radials for over 20 years, and we know that a steel belted radial is very difficult to make. So we don't take any chances.

Each CN 75 is X-rayed 100%.

Because we know that even if the slightest thing is wrong with the tire, the effect it could have on a car will be more than slight.

6 THE PIRELLI CINTURATO CN 75 NEVER HAS TO BE ROTATED

If you keep your car in reasonably good shape, tires properly inflated and wheels balanced, Pirelli Cinturatos will wear evenly.

The reason is that Cinturatos are so precisely built that it makes uneven wear virtually impossible.

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See if any tire company will tell you that about their tire.

Or, for that matter, any of the other things we've mentioned.

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Steel Belted Radial Tires

*Pirelli Cinturato CN75 tires are guaranteed to have an original tread life of 40,000 miles. Highlights of credit in each line item (at Pirelli's option) impact on percent of guaranteed mileage not delivered multiplied by National Price at time of adjustment, based upon presentation of tire and valid guarantee form to a Pirelli Dealer by original purchaser. Tires must be used on American made passenger vehicles. In all cases, guarantee is void where prohibited by law. Continental U.S. (excluding Alaska). In the interests of safety and to maintain guarantee, CN75s must be mounted on full width rims (on rear axle) and before of They must not be abused, run flat or underinflated, used on a vehicle not of approved or well-constructed trucks, buses or similar vehicles. Pirelli Cinturato CN75 tires are also guaranteed against failure in workmanship and materials and against road hazards. Credits are issued based on tire depth remaining.

third base coach

A special removable ad section
with information and anecdotes
about the World Series 1903-1972





BLUE CHIP SERIES RIVALS GO ALL OUT TO WIN THE BIG POT

Since 1903, when the Boston Red Sox and the Pittsburgh Pirates met in the inaugural World Series, the pennant-winning paladins of the American and National Leagues have faced each other 68 times for the baseball championship of man's universe. Every autumn the fans' interest peaks to an almost evangelical fervor as they assess their favorites' strengths and weaknesses for the upcoming showdown. They cite chapter and verse from the record books to support their convictions and their wagers. The sports pages are filled with figures comparing the skills of each team in terms of batting, pitching, fielding and running. They point to the quality of the bench reserves and the effectiveness of the relief pitchers corps, and to managerial tactics and strategy.

But for all the talents of the ballplayers, pitching and batting remain prime elements of winning—or losing—in World Series play. One team may have superior base runners and bunters, the other may have a sturdier defense and stronger throwing arms. However, de-

spite the importance of these aptitudes, the most critical and meaningful phase of a World Series game—or any regular season game—comes to bear when the man on the mound stares down at the hitter at the plate, 60 ft. 6 in. away. It is the classic confrontation, one that may result in a satisfying strikeout or a heart-breaking home run. Pitching and batting are the name of the game.

Over the years of Series competition the crowds and tube watchers have been treated to outstanding exhibitions of pitching excellence as well as awesome feats of batting prowess. Undoubtedly, the finest pitching record in World Series history took place in the 1905 match between John McGraw's New York Giants and Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. The Giants' ace pitcher, Christy "Big Six" Mathewson, fashioned three consecutive shutout victories in a span of six days, an achievement never to be approached to this day. Mathewson's teammate, Joe McGinnity, won one game for New York, also with a shutout, 1-0. The A's did manage to win one game of the Series when Chief Bender blanked the Giants 3-0. Thus the 1905 Series produced a matchless skein of five straight shutouts, Philadelphia scoring just three runs on 25 hits. New York's totals were only slightly higher: 32 hits and only four earned runs. The paucity of hits and runs per game was not to be approached until the 1966 Series between the Baltimore Orioles and the Los Angeles Dodgers (see below).

On the other side of the coin of World Series play featuring hitting as the principal ingredient, the 1960 batfest between the New York Yankees and the Pittsburgh Pirates still stands in mint condition. The batters feasted on the pitching morsels served up from the mound like a band of hungry hoboes at a combination clam bake and Polish picnic. Consider the carnage. Between them the Yanks and Pirates hammered out 151 hits, including 24 doubles, 4 triples and 14 home runs, and scored 82 runs with 80 runs batted in. Collectively, New York set Series team records for batting (.338), hits (91), runs (55) and runs batted in (54). The scores of three Yankee victories sounded more like Little League results—16-3, 10-0 and 12-0. Strangely, the biggest slugger for the Yanks was perhaps the lightest hitter in the lineup, second baseman Bobby Richardson. In one game he drove in six runs, including four resulting from a grand slam home run, to establish a Series record that still stands. Richardson also batted in 12 runs for the total Series to set another mark. Ironically, the Yankee connoisseur did them little good in the final standing. New York won three big battles but lost the Series war. The Pirates, surviving the shellacking they took, hung in to tie up the Series at three games apiece and force a seventh and conclusive game. In that game the Bucs stole the batting thunder and caught victory lightning in a bot-

tle. With the score tied 9-9 in the last of the ninth inning, Bill Mazeroski cracked a home run over the left field wall to win the game and the Series for the indomitable Pittsburgh Pirates.

DOWN TO THE WIRE

The pattern of World Series play has been unpredictable and the competition vigorous, but the American League has, until recent years, gained a fairly wide winning edge, principally stemming from the almost outrageous dominance of the Yankees when they were virtually unbeatable in the period between 1923 and 1962. In the 68 baseball classics held to date, the AL has been the winner 40 times. Exactly half of those victories are credited to the Yanks. However, the margins of victory have not always been lopsided. For example, the Series has gone to the limit of seven or more games on 27 occasions, just about 40% of the time. In contrast, a Series sweep—four games to zip—has been recorded only ten times. The damn Yankees, of course, lead in that category with six (1927, 1928, 1932, 1938, 1939, 1960). The marks for five and six-game sets are 18 and 13 respectively.

The trend toward a Series going to the limit has increased considerably in recent years. Since 1955 the teams have battled down to the seventh game wire

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This year we celebrated our 34th win by coming in first, second and third. (That's Mark Donohue in the Porsche-McLaren Turbo-Olefessor above, winning.)

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night before the 500, Donnie Carter, Jr. won the feature midget at the fairgrounds. In a Seve Chevy with Champion plugs.



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17 times before the winner was decided—nearly a 65% average. Last year's meeting between the Baltimore Orioles and the Pittsburgh Pirates was typical of the nail-biting intensity of a Series that goes down to the conclusive seventh game. The Orioles were established as favorites, principally because manager Earl Weaver could call on four pitchers—Jim Palmer, Dave McNally, Pat Dobson and Mike Cuellar—who had won 20 games or more during the regular season. The Birds also boasted excellent defense, speed and a pair of experienced long-ball hitters in Frank Robinson and Boog Powell. The Pirates, however, led by the incomparable Roberto Clemente and Willie Stargell, were accorded the edge in overall hitting strength.

The results of the first two games seemed to bear out the superiority of the Baltimore club. In the opener McNally allowed the Bucs just three hits, struck out nine and in one stretch retired 19 batters in a row. But Pittsburgh scored three unearned runs in the second inning on a combination of one hit, two errors, a wild pitch and a walk to take an early lead. But that was the end of the Pirate scoring glory. Baltimore quickly bounced back to register five runs, all stemming from homers by E. Robinson, Merv Rettenmund and Don Buford, to win the game. In the second contest the Orioles' victory margin was more pronounced. On a combination of 14 hits—surprisingly, all singles—and seven walks they cake-walked to an easy 11-3 win.

Down two games, the Pirates' hopes were bleak as the Series scene shifted to Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium. Previously, only five teams in World Series history had come back to capture the championship after blowing the first two games. Incredibly, the Pirates lashed back to win three straight games and take the lead 3-2. In their first victory the Bucs came up with a pricy 11-3 win—a missed signal that backfired with a happy ending. Leading by just one run in the bottom of the seventh, Pittsburgh put two men on base via an error and a walk. With slugging first baseman Bob

Robertson at the plate, manager Danny Murtaugh ordered a sacrifice bunt to move the runners into scoring position. Robertson, who had not sacrificed once during the season, unaccountably missed the sign. But his performance proved to be better than his manager's strategy: he promptly lined the pitch into the right centerfield seats for a home run to score three runs and sew up the 5-1 win.

Returning to Baltimore for the sixth game and behind three games to two, the Orioles barely edged out an extra-inning comeback win to tie the Series and set the stage for the climactic seventh game. But the momentum appeared to favor the Pirates. They had gotten a big boost from their three straight victories in Pittsburgh when their supposedly inferior pitching staff limited the Orioles to just nine hits in 27 innings. They also uncovered a surprise relief star in 21-year-old Bruce Kison who allowed no runs and one hit in a relief job covering 6½ innings. In addition, they were getting a super performance from their superstar, Roberto Clemente, who wound up the Series with 12 hits, including two homers, a triple and two doubles, and batted .414. Early in the final game Clemente staked pitcher Steve Blass to a one run lead with, naturally, a home run. After scoring another run in the top of the eighth inning, Pittsburgh faced the only serious threat Baltimore could mount during the game. The Orioles' Elrod Hendricks and Mark Belanger singled in succession to put two men on base with nobody out, but Blass was equal to the task. He allowed just one to score, preserving the Pirates' 2-1 win and the Series championship.

Last year's Series provided fine exhibitions of pitching, hitting and fielding on both sides, right down to the dramatic finish. It was in sharp contrast to the style of play produced



When your grandfather made this chair, he didn't get the legs quite even. The nick on the top is Uncle Joe throwing his choo choo at your mother. The cigarette burn on the arm is the night you were born. And those toothmarks around the bottom are the puppy you grew up with... long forgiven and now never to be forgotten.

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in 1966, the last time a team won four straight games to take the championship. The competing clubs were the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Orioles, who have reached the Series four times in the last six years. Baltimore's strength was based principally on hitting while Los Angeles relied on pitching. The big guns of the Dodgers' staff were Sandy Koufax, a 27-game winner, and Don Drysdale, who paced manager Walt Alston's pitchers to 62 complete games during the season. In comparison, the Oriole pitchers had posted mediocre records. Manager Hank Bauer's ace pitcher, Jim Palmer, had won a mere 15 games and his entire staff had produced but 23 complete games, less than the total (27) which Koufax alone had registered for Los Angeles.

The Series, then, resulted in an astonishing exhibition of pitching skill. But, to everyone's surprise, it was Baltimore's pitching prowess that dominated the Series. Oriole pitchers completely smothered the Dodger hitting attack, giving up just two runs and seven hits (both records) in the four-game sweep. The first game score seemed respectable enough, 5-2, but then the Baltimore moundmen really poured on the whitewash in the next three games, posting three consecutive shutouts, 5-0, 1-0 and 1-0. The Dodgers wound up with a record low batting average of .142, but the Orioles didn't do much better, batting for a team average of .200, a record for a winning Series club. Aside from

incredible feats of the regular Oriole pitchers, the highlight of the games, according to many observers, was sparked by a relief pitcher, Myron "Moe" Drabowsky. The Polish-born Drabowsky had served 11 seasons without much distinction for several clubs (Cubs, Braves, Reds, A's) before coming to Baltimore in 1966. But when the aging hurler was called in to relieve in the first game, after the Dodgers had scored their only runs of the Series, Moe set the shutout style for the other Oriole pitchers by blanking the Dodgers for 6 and $\frac{2}{3}$ innings with just one hit and striking out eleven batters, including six in a row, to set a Series record for relief pitchers.

OH, WHAT A RELIEF

Drabowsky's spectacular emergence as a relief savior was only one example of the growing importance of the bullpen corps, not only in the World Series but also in regular season play. For years managers have been relying more and more upon the special talents of their relief pitchers to stop a rally or save a game. The team with a versatile relief staff usually has an edge, no matter how brilliant its front-line starters may be. And in this age of specialized pitches—including the knuckle ball, sinker, slider, screwball,

the blooper, fork ball, palm ball and even the suspect spitter—it is not surprising that many of baseball's top "firemen" have developed these deliveries to a high degree of effectiveness. Perhaps the most celebrated, and certainly the most durable, is James Hoyt Wilhelm who at the age of 49 was still baffling batters with his dipping, swerving knuckle ball. His mastery of the knuckler, which is actually gripped with the fingernails against the seam and released with a "pushing" motion to impart little or no spin as it dances toward the plate, is well supported by the statistics. Although Wilhelm did not come up to the major leagues until 1952 (with the N.Y. Giants) when he was nearly 29, he holds the following records, prior to the '72 season. The knuckleballer has pitched in more games (1,054) than any other relief pitcher in big league history, holds the lowest career earned-run average (2.50), relieved in more games (1,002), finished more games (642), and tops everyone in games won as a reliever (124), better than the lifetime total of dozens of distinguished major league starting pitchers. Although he made infrequent starts, Wilhelm won an additional 19 games as a starter, including a no-hit no-run game in 1958 when he pitched for the Orioles against the Yankees.

For all his years in the big leagues, Wilhelm pitched in only one World Series—for the Giants in 1964 against



the Indians—relieving in two games and allowing no runs. The role of the relief specialist in Series history has been an important and interesting one. Several relievers have had distinguished records in the Series but some, like Hugh Casey, Johnny Murphy and Joe Page, stand out. Casey, who toiled in the confined vineyard of Brooklyn's Ebbets Field for most of his career, chalked up the highest winning average of any relief pitcher in major league history—51 victories and 20 defeats, which adds up to a .718 mark. (Among starting pitchers, Whitey Ford leads the list with a .690 average, based on 236 wins and 106 losses.) However splendid Casey's regular season achievements were, his principal claim to fame and legend is linked to his World Series performances. In 1941 and 1947, when the Dodgers and the Yankees met for all the marbles, he appeared in nine of the 12 games played—three times in the five-game set in '41 and six times out of the seven contests played in '47. He wound up with a record of two wins and two losses, but his winning average would have been improved by .250 percentage points had he not been the victim of one of the most unfortunate miscues in Series competition. With Brooklyn leading 4-3 in the ninth inning of the fourth game of the '41 Series, Casey retired the first two batters and had a three-two count on Tommy Henrich. The Yankee outfielder then swung and

missed on a low curve ball—some observers claim it was a spitter—but the ball glanced off catcher Mickey Owen's mitt and Henrich reached first base safely. Given a last-ditch reprieve, the Yankee sealed Casey's fate with a four-run rally to win the game. Ironically, the winning pitcher in that game was Johnny "Grandma" Murphy, probably the most successful relief hurler in Yankee history. He participated in six World Series, appearing in eight games, and was credited with two wins against no losses. Murphy was also credited with four saves.

Another sparkling relief performance came in the 1959 Series between the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Chicago White Sox. The star was the Dodgers' Larry Sherry who relieved in four games and won two of them to lead L. A. to the championship. In doing so he pitched more innings (12½) than any of the starting pitchers. He also appeared in a fifth game, not as a pitcher but as a pinch hitter. He really earned his Series money share both ways with a spotless pitching record of 1.000 and a batting average of .500.

Strangely, some of the finest exhibitions of relief pitching in Series competition have been produced not by the bullpen staff but from regular starting pitchers. When the going gets gritty it is not unusual for a manager to call one of his front line hurlers to spike a rally or preserve a lead even though the player may have pitched a complete

game two days before. An outstanding example of a pitcher appearing both as a starter and reliever was Allie Reynolds, the Big Chief of the Yankee mound staff. Reynolds, who had a Series pitching mark of seven wins and only two losses, was called upon by manager Casey Stengel six times to relieve in the 1949, '50, '52 and '52 Series. Like his Indian ancestors, Reynolds responded nobly, winning two of the games and being credited with saves in the other four—an impeccable record to go along with his feats as a starter. Another top pitcher who turned reliever was Bob "Lefty" Grove. In the 1929 and 1930 Series he came off the bench three times. After pitching a complete game in the '30 Series against the Cardinals, he came back the very next day to relieve George Earnshaw and win the game.

In the past couple of dozen years it has been evident that hitting has fallen off. This is distressing to Ted Williams, who wound up with a career batting average of .344 and is generally considered to be the finest hitter of modern times. Williams contends that hitting is the most exciting part of baseball and that the decline in batting averages is responsible for flagging fan interest. The decline is reflected by the records. Today there are less

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than 20 players in both leagues who seem likely to attain a lifetime .300 average, let alone anything over .320. Part of the reason may be due to expansion, but a big factor must be attributed to the flowering of the relief specialist.

MANAGER'S VIEW FROM THE BENCH

Relief pitching is certainly a vital element of the ball game but it remains only a part of the overall pattern of baseball strategy and tactics. A big league player's running, fielding, throwing and batting abilities vary in degree as to his individual strengths and inconsistencies. (Assessing a potential player's skills was probably best summed up years ago by the old St. Louis Cardinal scout Mike Gonzales. His cryptic report: "Good field, no hit.") But the ultimate responsibility in evaluating a player's capabilities and deciding when and where to use them lies with the manager. His job is a demanding one. He must be on top of the situation in any given moment of the game and be aware of dozens of probabilities. He should know to the last decimal point the offensive and defensive abilities of every player, not only those on his own team but also those on the opposing club. Should he call for a steal? How accurate is the arm of the defensive right fielder? Is the hitter a good curve ball hitter?

To aid him in his decisions a big league manager constantly consults with his staff of specialized coaches, but the final choice of tactics is his own. One of the most knowledgeable and respected managers in the game is Red Schoendienst of the St. Louis Cardinals. "Your strategy may be soundly based on the percentages," says Red, "but the success of a particular decision rests with the players. If they can't execute the plays then all the managerial brilliance in the world won't help." Schoendienst, who played in three World Series (with the Cardinals and Milwa-

kee Braves) and led the Cards to two pennants and one world championship in seven years as a manager, has had plenty of experience, but he claims he is still learning how to adjust to different situations and playing conditions. Like all managers he is concerned with effective communication with his coaches and players by signals. Every fan who has ever watched a Series game from the stands or on the TV tube has been fascinated by the twitching, tugging antics of the third base coach. He looks like a Navy semaphore man gone berserk as he slaps his hands, hatches his pants, tugs his ear lobe, lifts his cap or rubs his hand across his chest. Most of the motions are meaningless, but one seemingly casual movement can indicate a crucial sign for a bunt or a steal or a hit-and-run play. Most teams use a basic system of signals which is keyed to the "indicator" sign. The indicator may be, for example, touching the face with the right hand. A batter stepping out of the box will look down at the coach as he goes through the motions. If the batter does not see the coach touch his face he knows there is no signal and he is on his own. If, however, the coach does touch his cheek he immediately knows that the next sign in the series of motions is a definite signal for some action ordered by the manager from the bench. The coach is actually a relay man and he is most adept at disguising his sign from the opposing team. Actually most teams try to steal signs from the manager in the opposing dugout. A lot of managers usually sit in one corner of the bench as far out of view from the other bench as possible. He may denote a bunt sign to the coach simply by crossing his arms, but he may not use that same sign during the whole game, perhaps switching to another motion after three innings of play. In fact, on some occasions when he feels that the opponents may be getting the pattern of his signs, manager Schoendienst has a system by which he does not physically give the signal himself. In this case he directs a player sitting next to him, usually a pitcher, to motion the sign to the coach. He does not tell him

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to give the bunt sign but simply says "Take off your cap," and the coach gets the message. Most players don't know what the manager's sign means. They are supposed to concentrate strictly on the coach. When Joe McCarthy was managing, nobody knew what sign he flashed to third base coach Art Fletcher. Even after McCarthy retired and Fletcher died, the Yankee manager never revealed his signs.

The complexity of sign design compounds in certain situations when the manager deliberately deceives his own batter. Some hitters, particularly younger players, are apt to be more tense when they are at the plate with a runner at first base and a steal sign is flashed. In this case the manager gives the catch a delayed or "pick" sign. The batter steps away from the plate, looks down at the third base coach who semaphores a jargon of unintelligible wig-wags meaning "you're on your own." However, as soon as the batter steps back into the box, satisfied that there is no sign, the coach "picks" his sleeve or pant leg to indicate to the runner that the steal is on. When the pitch is delivered the runner breaks and the batter, unaware of the situation, may take an off-plate pitch without quakes, or lose into a strike-zone toss. If he swings and connects the classic run and hit play emerges. Even if he hits the ball toward an infielder the runner has enough of a jump to avert a double play; if he lines a single the runner is sure to reach third base; if the pitch is fouled off the runner returns to first base with no damage done and another chance for advance on the next pitch.

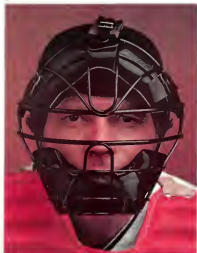
Another form of vital communication takes place between the manager on the bench and the bullpen. In any game, and most particularly in a World Series game, the manager is concerned about the caliber and condition of his relief pitchers. He relies on his pitching coach to keep him informed. The pitching coach checks constantly with the bull-

pen coach via inter-com phone about "edge" and readiness of each possible reliever. The coach keeps a chart of how often and how hard a bullpen hurler has warmed up. Frequently a reliever will loosen up two or three times during a ball game without being called in because the current moundman has quelled one or more threats. By throwing hard and in a hurry several times, a bullpen staffer may have pitched the equivalent of three or four innings of actual play. Therefore a manager must assess just how ready and effective a reliever may be the next day. Some bullpen stalwarts are rubber-armed and can come back day after day, but the odds are that he will eventually run out his string of endurance and zip after protracted stints.

However he hoards his pitching reserves and manipulates his batting bench strength, the manager must be ever alert to the dangers of falling behind in the short-lived span of a World Series. It could be over in four games—and there is no tomorrow to regroup and man the barricades. He must temper his best judgments with a willingness to spend his blue chips for a gambling shot at the big pot. What this year's Series will produce is anybody's guess. It may result in an upset, like the Pirates' win last year or the incredible victory of Gil Hodges' Mets in 1969. In any case, if the competition follows the pattern of recent years, the winner won't be decided until the final seventh game—65% of the time in the last 17 competitions. One thing is certain, though: The 1972 Series will be watched by more people than ever before, principally because there are three night games scheduled to be broadcast in prime time. Last year, in the one game telecast at night, the viewing audience was estimated at more than 62 million as against an average of 38 million per daylight game. No matter who the fans will be rooting for, the show should be eye-catching.



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Then she started saying, "When, Al?" Al put it off some more.

Finally she handed him something called *Wally Bruner's Guide to Wall Paneling* and said, "Read, Al." Al read.

He read about how to plan and measure, panel into corners, box in windows, deal with electrical fixtures, close in stairs, and so on.

(His wife had been reading too, he noticed. She'd already chosen U.S. Plywood's newest panel, Wayside Inn, from the more than 17 shown.)

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Second, you can't apply panels directly to a masonry wall. So Al checked the *Paneling Guide* and found out how to build a frame of 2" x 3" lumber over each wall. Each frame gets nailed against floor and ceiling and the panels go up right against the frame.

Al's not too great

with hammer and nails, so the discovery of Weldwood® Panel Adhesive as the easy method of installation was another relief. The guide shows how to hold a panel out from the frame to let the adhesive set. Around 8 minutes later, it gets tapped into place.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THE POLITICAL ANIMAL

Times remain hard for those who believe politics should be kept out of sport. The Senate, in passing a bill pledging \$15.5 million in federal aid to the 1976 Denver Winter Olympics, also approved an amendment offered by Senator Tunney of California that would set up a seven-man commission to review the objectives of the Olympic movement and the manner in which the Games are run. Participation of U.S. athletes in future Olympics would be subject to review, and so would the role of the U.S. Olympic Committee, particularly the way the USOC has organized and administered American participation in the Games. This seems a direct and rather high-handed incursion by government into sport, but proponents of the amendment point out that the U.S. Olympic Committee was authorized by an act of Congress in the first place and still holds a federal charter. How's that for keeping politics out of the Olympic movement?

The Senate also was considering a measure to create a National Amateur Sports Foundation, which despite disclaimers that "it is in no way an attempt to supplant or assume control over" present amateur athletic organizations is obviously designed to beef up a national sports program so that the U.S. will do better in international competition. It was only a coincidence, of course, that at about the same time, Premier Lubomir Strougal of Czechoslovakia told the sports bodies of that country to get on the ball and see that Czech performances improve at the next Olympics. The premier was miffed because Communist East Germany, with a population only slightly larger than Communist Czechoslovakia (17 million to 14 million), brought home 66 medals from Munich to only eight for the Czechoslovaks. Thus, he said, showed that long-term purposeful work based on a comprehensive concept gradually brings progressive results. Or something like that. Then, to stress further the

warming concept of sport as an aspect of industrial achievement, the premier gave Olympic discus champion Ludvig Danek the Order of Labor and two other outstanding Olympians medals for "outstanding work."

In view of all this, it is a bit disheartening to note that President Nixon proclaimed Oct. 6 National Coaches Day. This could establish a precedent for even more government intrusion into sport. One can imagine Congress eventually setting aside May 18 as National Third Basemen's Day or some future November as National Tight End Month.

MARKEDOWN

The National League, which used to boast about its close pennant races, had runaway winners this year in each of its divisions. But if the league were still functioning as a single unit, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, whose won-lost records were almost identical all summer long, would have come to the wire in one of those sustained pennant battles that make baseball so fascinating. But instead of a classic duel we have one brief three-out-of-five series that in itself is only a semi-final elimination for the World Series. Even the tangled struggle in the American League East could turn out to be a discount bargain; suppose Oakland were to win the playoff in three straight?

Maybe in splitting the leagues to create four artificial races instead of two real ones, baseball hurt rather than helped itself.

TROPHY BLUES

Mike Reid, 258-pound defensive tackle of the Cincinnati Bengals, won the Outland Trophy in 1969 when he was with Penn State for being the outstanding lineman in college football. Asked recently what he thought about trophies like the Outland and the Heisman, Reid said, "There's no question about it all being a lot of poliocking. The Heisman Trophy is nothing more than a political cam-

paign. When I won the Outland Trophy I did not reject it because I felt I had a good year and I had worked very hard and in my mind it was the best defensive lineman in college football. But whether I was or not, I don't think anyone will ever know. The Outland Trophy certainly has to be viewed as less than sacred. The funny thing is, I found out I won it by reading about it in *Look*. I didn't receive so much as a handshake, a phone call or a trophy. I don't even know what it looks like. I don't even know who Outland was. For all I know he was a falling-down drunk in Arizona. [Outland was a star lineman at Pennsylvania in the 1890s.] The only worth the Outland Trophy is to me is that if someone comes up to me in 15 years and says, 'who won the Outland Trophy in 1969?' I'll know."

HOT NEWS

Seems like nothing is good for you. An article in a recent issue of the *British Medical Journal* says the extreme heat of sauna baths can cause heart changes that resemble those usually associated with coronary heart disease. Middle-aged and elderly people entering a sauna for the first time are cautioned to limit their visit to five minutes. The article does concede that for healthy people who are accustomed to steam rooms and saunas, "The sense of relaxation and well-being will continue to outweigh the potential dangers of the circulatory gymnastics involved."

A REAL FUMBLE

Usually only demon statisticians or far-out fans notice when a relatively obscure record is broken. But lots of people were aware a week ago that a 104-yard return of a fumble by Jack Tatum of the Oakland Raiders set a new NFL record, because the old one, a 98-yard return, had been set 49 years earlier by none other than George Halas, the ancient ruler of the Chicago Bears. Well, whaddya know, people said.

But now it turns out that technically Tatum did not return a fumble at all, and the touchdown he scored should not have counted. This is interesting because Oakland won the game from Green Bay 20-14. Mark Ouncan, the NFL's director of personnel, explained that the rules make a distinction between a fumble of a lateral by a player who has had possession of the ball and a muff by a

continued

player who has not had possession. The defense can recover and run with the ball in the first instance but can only recover without an advance in the second. The Green Bay quarterback had pitched out to MacArthur Lane, but the lateral bounced off Lane's fingers and ricocheted into the end zone, where Tatum picked it up and began his run to the record book.

"In my viewing of the films," Duncan said, "the man did not have possession. Therefore, there could be no return of the muffed lateral." He said several of the officials running the game were in position to make the correct call, but nobody thought to do it. "It never even dawned on them, and they did not realize their mistake until they saw the films. Obviously, we want to eliminate happenings like this. In fact we have a motto around here that goes, 'To err is human. To forgive is against league policy.'"

Motto or no, punitive action has not been taken against the officials, and the new record will go into the book. Don Weiss, NFL publicity man, explained, "However it is ruled, that's how it was scored in the game. The points counted, so the record does, too."

Too bad for Green Bay. But if the Packers feel bad, what about George Halas?

BATTLEGROUND

Plans to construct an auto raceway on a dairy farm near Hagerstown, Md. have caused a furious reaction among residents of that quiet section of Washington County in western Maryland. The land was bought by a couple of Washington businessmen who want to build a racing plant that will seat 40,000 and have room for 100,000 more around the track.

Despite local opposition, the developers say, "There is no legal way to stop us." Washington County has no zoning ordinance, although one that designates the area as agricultural is in the works. "They're trying to slip in quietly under the old law," says Allan Powell, a professor at Hagerstown Junior College. Harold L. Beyers, a county commissioner, says, "They're offering tankards to the natives in order to take their land and peace and quiet, too. But the natives are rebelling."

Bill Young, one of the developers, says the uproar "is all politics. The com-

missioners think it's a way to get votes. The whole ecology thing has been blown way out of proportion." He added, "If we get turned down on the raceway, we'll build the damnest, lowest-income housing project you've ever seen."

GOOD VS. BAD AGAIN

He was late getting onto the court because he was in a gin rummy game and when he finished and headed out to play, he said he couldn't find his shoes.

He was Paul Haber, five-time national handball champ and all-round rapsacal-lion, and he was about to lose a handball vs. racquetball rematch to Dr. E. F. (Bud) Muehlenen, a San Diego dentist. Last winter (SI, Feb. 7) when



Haber beat Dr. Muehlenen in a showdown between champions of similar court games, he reinforced the maxim that while drinking, smoking and general carousing may not make a man a champion, they did not hurt.

But the other day in San Diego Mr. Clean struck a blow for purity by putting it to Bud Paul in front of 400 howling fans. The doctor took sweet revenge by winning 21-18, 18-21, 21-19. That might be about all he won, too. Unlike the first match, where bettors put up more than \$30,000, the return had little more than the thrill of victory.

Already a third match between the two is being planned for after the national handball and national racquetball championships next spring. And publicity flak is beginning. Despite the gin rummy and shoe routine in San Diego,

Haber was described as "wonderful and a perfect gentleman" after his loss to Muehlenen. But not, it was pointed out, by Muehlenen.

ONE TIE, ALL TIE

Some time ago (SCORECARD, June 6) we reported that the Ohio High School Athletic Association had adopted a tie-breaker system for football games, to be introduced this fall. Now because of opposition, the OHSA has backtracked and said the tie-breaker is optional. Under the rule, if a game ends with the score tied each team would be given a chance to score from 10 yards out, with an equal number of opportunities given each side until one team won. The denunciations, those who preferred an old-fashioned tie, cited such problems as crowd control in tension-filled overtime, risk of injury to players already fatigued after a full game and scheduling difficulties where doubleheaders are played. The powerful Greater Cincinnati League, which consists of Catholic schools, was against the rule on other grounds. Last year it had an overall record of 28 victories, one defeat and one tie against outside opposition, and it reportedly felt that forcing defeats instead of ties in intra-conference games would hurt the league when it came time for computers to rate the state's teams and allot positions in the playoffs. A tie for two teams apparently would not hurt the conference as much as a win for one and a loss for another.

This, of course, shakes the Lombardian tenet of victory at all costs.

Nothing is sacred.

THEY SAID IT

- Fritz Peterson, New York Yankee pitcher who will help broadcast hockey games for a New York radio station: "There is no truth to the rumor Sparky Lyle will do the last five minutes."
- Al Conover, Rice football coach, on star Gary Butler's long hair: "Gary wanted to get a crew cut, but I told him we weren't having any liberals on our squad."
- Avery Brundage, on his 85th birthday, when asked in Chicago about the effect international travel and the jet lag have had on his health: "I haven't had time to think about it. But I'll tell you this: I walked from my office to my home last night—almost two miles—and it was an effort."

END

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JOE BITES THE ASTRODUST

It had begun by looking like a repeat of the astonishing, legendary Super Bowl year of four seasons ago. Joe Namath (*see cover*) and the New York Jets appeared to be back in their glory, ready again to stand the world on its ear. When New York opened on the road with riotous, high-scoring wins over Buffalo and Baltimore, only the most discourteous observers were so impolite as to suggest that the Jets were getting by with only half a team.

The better half was the Jet offensive, Namath at the controls, and it was explosive enough to carry an understaffed, uncoordinated defense—at least until the Jets faced winless Houston. There in the Astrodome, Namath was progressively stymied by an Oiler defense that swarmed around his butterfingers receivers like bird-sized Texas mosquitoes on a humid night. The final was 26-20, an upset which meant that there was only one NFL team left unbeaten after just three weeks of play. That was of problematic consolation to the Jets, however, since the unbeaten team just happened to be Miami, which New York faces this week in its home opener.

Really, though, the Jets are not so bad as they appeared against Houston. Minor injuries have worn away at a club that is surprisingly thin, so that when they cost Namath his first-string running backs and Ed Bell, the tiny wide receiver who has been one of his best targets, he was not left with enough tools to cope with an unexpectedly keyed-up young Houston team.

Anyway, what beat New York, even more than its manifold failings on defense, was Dan Pastorini, the second-year quarterback from Santa Clara, who outpassed Namath for the day—and outkicked him as well. Pastorini was carried off late in the first half, showing

After two smashing wins, the Jets got ambushed in Houston and now must open at home against Miami, the only NFL team left unbeaten

by TEX MAULE

excruciating pain from a hyperextended left knee, but he came back early in the second half and wound up completing 14 of 26 passes—with one touchdown and no interceptions. Namath was 18 for 38—with two touchdowns and two interceptions at crucial moments. Also, in contrast with Namath, Pastorini demonstrated that he could break out of the pocket and run with the ball.

When Weeb Ewbank, the New York coach, begins setting up for the Miami game, he must start restructuring the Jet defense. The secondary, afflicted by injuries, has not played together long enough to react instinctively. That can come only with time, but against Houston the Jet deep men were too often shifting uncertainly as Pastorini sought out his receivers. Of course, they got no great help from their defensive line, especially after Tackle John Elliott left the game with a pulled hamstring.

To be fair, the Jet scoring apparatus was short of some vital cogs in Houston; when Namath has all his people together, New York is a solid contender against Miami and Baltimore in the AFC East. Against the Oilers, though, he could not make use of a hobbled Emerson Boozer, and John Riggins, the big running back from Kansas who leads the conference in rushing, was also put out for a while. So without a sound rushing threat, the fold-back, seven-man Houston zone could concentrate more

on shutting off Namath's passing game.

"We've been looking at pictures of him," said Bill Peterson, the new coach of the Oilers, a couple of days before the game. He got out of his chair to demonstrate. Peterson is a short, thick-chested man who looks not at all like Namath, but his act was convincing.

"He's got this," he said, snapping his arm down and across his body quickly, looking like a chunky baseball pitcher. "Gets rid of the ball so fast you can't rush him. And follows through all the way, like any quarterback who ever played for Bear Bryant."

Eddie Bell sees Joe Willie's whale shoes from another angle. As a small target, he needs an accurate gunner. "He throws a quick ball but a soft ball," Bell says. "It doesn't knock you down. The players play for him because they have so much confidence in him. Even after they beat Los Angeles and Minnesota two years ago with Al Woodall they didn't have the confidence in him that they do in Joe. It shouldn't be that way. President Kennedy was a great man. I cried when he died. But they replaced him in two minutes. That's how important most people are. Joe gives the team confidence, but the team gave Al confidence. When Joe came back last year against San Francisco to bring us within three points, it was like the coming of the Messiah."

At first glance, Namath appears more subdued these days. It has been some time now since he was involved in any sort of first-rate controversy, and he often disappears altogether from the public view. Even when he speaks out now, the brashness of old appears to have given way to humility and homily. But,

continued

Namath never did get sacked, but Oiler line-men like Elvin Bethea made living close quarters



for the players, it's still the same old messiah.

"Sure, Joe has matured a lot," says Linebacker Larry Grantham, "but we all do that. A football player comes out of college into the pros, and he's one of about 1,100 people in the country doing what he does. If you're a starting quarterback, then you're only one of 26. It takes everybody a while to get his feet on the ground. I don't see how he handled it as well as he did."

"Always, whenever you read about Joe's football ability, you have to multiply it to get a true picture," says Don Maynard, who has caught passes from Namath for eight seasons. "And what you read about his night life you have to divide."

"I never had any trouble with Joe," says Coach Weeb Ewbank. "I don't care anything about his social life, but he

has always been a dedicated football player, willing to do anything to help the club. He'll take a movie projector home and study game movies for two, three hours a night, I guess. He plays with pain and never moans about it. And he hasn't changed."

Guard Dave Herman suggests a slight twist on that whole question. "It isn't Joe who has changed," he says. "It is the world that has changed toward Joe—or caught up with him. He used to be one of the only players with long hair, for instance. By now, he's one of the few players without a mustache."

Aside from the clean upper lip, the quick release, the accurate arm and the aura of confidence that can infect a whole team, Namath possesses something else every truly fine quarterback must have. He can analyze or read a defense instinctively. He not only recognizes what

kind of a defense the opposition is playing—most quarterbacks can do that—but he picks up a significant detail in the three seconds or so he has to drop back, set up and pass.

A perfect example of his ability to react almost instantaneously to a new situation occurred in the Baltimore game two weeks ago in which he threw six touchdowns and gained 496 yards passing. In the final quarter, with the Colts threatening, Namath had thrown a 79-yard touchdown to Rich Caster, his tall, fast tight end. Caster had run a post, a pattern in which the receiver makes his last cut toward the goalpost. As soon as the Jets got the ball again, Namath called for another pass. At the last instant Namath noticed that a new defensive back, Rex Kern, had picked up Caster.

"I had two receivers open," Namath said afterward, "but when I saw those two clean white numbers, 44, I knew where I was going to go."

For his part, Caster faked the post this time and cut the other way. The Colts had played a zone in the first half, but Namath had handled that so well that the Colts had been forced into a combination zone and man-for-man. Caster was being covered man-for-man. "I was running my dig patterns deep and in the middle seams," little Bell said. "That took them out of zone coverage and, while they were wasting a man deep covering me, they let Richard alone. But he's too fast and too tall to stop one-on-one." The pass over the bright, clean numbers to Caster went 80 yards for the touchdown.

Of course, breaking any zone depends in large part on having the time to wait until a receiver can find the seams. Before the Colts got to Namath on a pass, the Jets' offensive line had gone 11 straight games without letting an opponent once sack him. Says Herman: "Jerry Kramer was telling me after our Super Bowl win about the pressure of being the defending Super Bowl champions, but I told him that playing in front of a white-shoed quarterback taught you all you had to know about pressure."

"I worry about my pass blocking," says Riggins. "Of course, you never want to miss a block, but I think that if you missed when some other quarterback was in, and he got hurt, the coaches would say you did a poor job, but if Joe was

John Riggins maintained his position as the leading rusher in the AFC, but his fumble hurt.





Is there no justice on the gridiron for a man with a clean lip and two light-bulb knees?

in and he got hurt because you missed a block, they'd call it inexcusable."

A couple of other factors make protecting Namath all the more a strain. "He has so much nerve. He stays in that pocket," says Caster, "and you know those knees of his are like a light bulb, ready to crack any minute."

And Boozer, a 5' 11", 195-pound halfback, who has to devote much of his energies to picking up 230-pound blitzing linebackers, adds: "Joe has a quick release, right, but Joe holds the ball a long time before he finally releases it, so you have a long time to hold your block. A lot of quarterbacks, they throw the ball too soon, but Joe never does. He always waits until the last second—or split second—until the rush is only this far away." Boozer held up his hand six inches in front of his face. "And then he throws. And then he gets hit in the mouth. But he throws without ever thinking about possibly getting hit in the mouth."

Above all, perhaps, Namath's asset as a quarterback is his extraordinary faculty for lifting a team all by himself. Only a very few—John Unitas and Norm Van Brocklin come first to mind—have ever been capable, as Namath, of making a team play up to and sometimes even beyond its potential. "He's so cool,

so much in control," Boozer explains. "Sometimes it frightens me. You know, like maybe he should blow up or fall apart. But he doesn't. He does his homework and he comes into the game sure of what we can do and he makes us do it."

Ewbank seldom bothers to send plays in to Namath, but when he does it is understood that Joe has the option to ignore the suggestion. "So often he's setting something up on his own," the coach said, watching Namath work out the day before the Houston game. Throwing, Namath grimaced, but only in disgust because he overthrew Maynard; he says his knees feel better than they have in a long time. He threw the same pass again, and this time it was perfect.

"If he misses a receiver by three or four feet, it's because he's throwing the ball away," a Houston lineman said at the Oiler practice the day before the game. "Most quarterbacks throw it into the stands then, but Joe is an artist even when he's throwing a ball away."

Namath has that kind of debilitating psychological effect on the team against which he is playing, and Houston, off to a discouraging 0-2 start, looked forward to the Jets with no relish at all. Although the Oilers had been peculiarly vulnerable to the run, most of them an-

icipated facing at least as poorly against the Jets' passing.

"Joe and his receivers work so well together," said one of the Oiler defensive backs, "the receivers never look back. Their passing is so well coordinated that the receiver runs his pattern, finally looks around and there's the ball."

Because of his knees, Namath does offer some hope for defensive linemen. The Jets do not even have any roll-out plays for him in the offense. "I know he thinks he's the best," Pat Holmes, a Houston defensive end, said before the game, "but I don't necessarily go with that because he can't move around as well as some of the others. That means you can get to him now and then, and if we can get in his face some, we'll do all right."

Holmes was dead right. Though the Oilers never dumped Namath before he could throw, they harassed him steadily. Altogether, last week's was hardly a scintillating performance by any part of the Jet offense: Namath, his line or his receivers. Ewbank can dismiss that as an off day, though; his ongoing problem remains the defense.

When Ewbank was coaching the Colts, one of his wide receivers was Jimmy Orr, a Georgian who had an enormous respect for Ewbank's fabled ability to judge players. "You could have 15 guys jump over a Ping-Pong table with Weeb watching," Orr once said, "and when they got through, he could tell you each one's best position and which ones should start."

Perhaps Ewbank will have several secondary candidates available to jump over a Ping-Pong table this week before Miami comes to town. **END**



Weeb's secondary is his primary concern.

WAKING UP FROM A NIGHTMARE

Three astonishing game-winning goals by a mystery man gave the Canadians a narrow victory over Russia in their historic series, thus retrieving a measure of dignity for some enghished icemen by MARK MULVOY

For days Russia's Alexander Gresko, No. 2 man in the sports hierarchy, and Team Canada's Alan Eagleson, the players' chief representative, had been waging the coldest war this side of N. Khrushchev and his desk-pounding shoe. Now there was one minute left to play in last week's eighth and final game of the series that had gnupped the hockey world as none before. Team Canada had just stormed back to tie the Russians 5-5 and it seemed likely that their month of struggle would finish in deadlock at three victories and two ties apiece. "If the game ends in a tie," said Gresko, wagging a finger at Eagleson, "we automatically win the series on total goals scored." Eagleson yelled back at Gresko, and for once the Russian did not need his interpreter to get the drift.

Providentially for Eagleson and all the Canadians, Paul Henderson's stuck spoke next. With 34 seconds to play this former wallflower of the Toronto Maple Leafs—a nine-year man who had given no previous intimations of immortality—scored his third successive game-winning

goal, the one that gave Canada a desperate 4-3-1 series edge and spared the NHL all-stars a Siberian reception at home. "Henderson saved Canada and the NHL," said Harold Ballard, owner of the Maple Leafs and the only NHL official who had fully supported Team Canada's adventure from the start. "When we get back home I'm going to renegotiate his contract and give him at least another \$25,000. That's a cheap price to pay for what Henderson did, believe me."

We believe. In the sixth game Henderson beat the Soviets with a hard 35-foot slap shot through Goalender Vladislav Tretiak's legs after intercepting a pass at the blue line. In the seventh game, with barely two minutes remaining and the score tied 3-3, Henderson took a pass from Serge Savard, swung around Defenseman Gennadi Tsygankov, swept in on Tretiak and beat him cleanly over the right shoulder. "Tsygankov cost us the game," said Soviet Coach Vsevolod Bobrov, who never gave credit to an individual player in victory but was quick

to finger Tsygankov in the defeat that allowed Canada to even the series.

Henderson almost did not get a chance to repeat his act in the deciding game on Thursday night. In fact, there very nearly was no deciding game because of an intense dispute over the selection of the game referees. What it boiled down to was this: Canada Coach Harry Sinden had been outraged by what he called "the most incompetent job of refereeing in history" by two West German officials in the sixth game. When they were appointed by the Russians to work the eighth game, Sinden blew his stack. Previously, in Canada, he had acceded to a Russian request not to repeat an American set of officials whom the Soviets had disliked. (Disliked so much that, after a 4-1 defeat in Toronto, Andrei Starovoytov, deputy head of the Soviet Hockey Federation, tried to kick down the door to their dressing room.) Now Sinden wanted tit for tat. And Eagleson, Team Canada's most powerful personage without an official role, said, "If they referee, there won't be an eighth game." After four hours of angry debate Wednesday night and another three Thursday morning, a compromise was reached: one West German and an official of Sinden's choice would be used. Sinden chose Sweden's Uwe Dahlberg. The Russians picked Joseph Korpalla. When Dahlberg came down with flu, Sinden selected a Czech, Rudy Batja. "If Batja gets sick, too," said Sinden, "we'll insist on a Russian."

Not surprisingly, Batja and Korpalla seemed especially sensitive early in the game Thursday night and penalized players on both sides for the smallest infractions, particularly interference, something the Canadians claimed had been called too infrequently against the Russians. Batja and Korpalla each whistled two interference penalties in the



Canada's savior, Paul Henderson, skates after the second with Russian star Valeri Khramov.

first period, but after that they let the teams play hockey according to their particular styles. Undeniably, the game was a thriller. "It may have been the greatest ever played," said Sinden, not a man to mince superlatives, after it was over.

Skating smoothly and passing crisply, the Russians scored three power-play goals and moved into a 5-3 lead after two periods, and if goaltender Ken Dryden had not been both lucky and good ("Luck," he points out, "is part of skill"), they might have led by 8-3. But the Canadians were not dead yet and as they skated out for the third period their 3,000 fans inside the Sports Palace made enough noise to be heard in Saskatoon.

"We need an early goal," Sinden had told his men. Phil Esposito scored it, baiting down Peter Mahovlich's pass from behind the net, whiffing on his first shot and then sliding the puck deftly under Tretiak after only two minutes, 27 seconds. Suddenly the Canadians took charge for the first time. Brad Park, a bust in the earlier games but at his best now, intercepted a Russian pass, shot the puck in front and Yvan Cournoyer slapped it past Tretiak to tie the score with seven minutes still to play. For agonizing seconds, though, no one knew whether the goal was good. The red light did not go on.

Eagleson jumped out of his seat, broke through a cordon of policemen and ran for the goal judge's stand. The police stopped him; eight of them started to escort him from the premises. Across the ice Mahovlich noticed the commotion and when he saw Eagleson in the middle he led a charge of 20 stick-waving Canadians toward the police. Eagleson was promptly released. The players convoyed him back across the ice to their bench.

It was all over at 19:26 of the third period. There was Henderson alone in front of Tretiak. Esposito and Cournoyer were battling for the puck against the boards, almost at the blue line. Cournoyer got it and passed to Henderson. He shot once. Tretiak saved. He shot again. This time Tretiak was falling, and he had no chance to stop the puck as it slid beneath him. Still, the defective red light never flashed. "When I saw it go in," Henderson said, "I went completely bonkers." So, no doubt, did an entire country.

But after a night of celebration in Mos-



Indomitable Phil Esposito, Canada's best player night in and night out, stakes out a position.

cow's dollar bars and the spirited, spirituous rooms of the visitors' hotels there was some coming down to earth. It was Harry Sinden who had said before the series began, "Losing even one game will damage the NHL's prestige." Losing three times to the Russians damaged it trebly. Clarence Campbell, president of the NHL, said, "This should teach us that we don't know everything about hockey." Toronto's Ballard added, "If we're smart, we'll go home and begin to apply some of the lessons we learned from the Russians. The sad thing is that we may not be smart enough.

Too many people will say, 'See, our guys are better,' instead of saying, 'O.K., let's make our guys better.'"

As they left Moscow for Prague, where they had to come from behind in the last minute to tie Czechoslovakia's world championship team 3-3 Saturday night, the Canadian players were saying much the same thing. "In less than 20 years the Russians have gone from nothing to a world hockey power," as Dryden put it. "In 20 years Canada has practically stayed still. Now it's time for us in Canada to make some real progress of our own."

END



It rained relentlessly last Saturday, but there was no rain check in the race for Horse of the Year honoree. The \$100,000 Woodward Stakes was the ultimate contest, matching Kentucky Derby and Belmont Winner Riva Ridge and the mid-summer champion Key to the Mint. Since late February the two 3-year-olds had jogged and cantered and galloped and breezed and run as fast as they could over many hundreds of miles. They had won between them more than half a million dollars and most of racing's celebrated trophies. But now they met in a sudden-death mile and a half to determine who deserved the national title.

If the deciding distance seemed scant after the long season, there were horsemen who felt the Woodward would be a far better race if it were just a mile and a quarter. That had been the traditional distance of the stake until this season, when Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the boss of New York racing, ruled differently. "Maybe A.G.V. just wants to start the race in front of the grandstand," grumbled one critic.

"Maybe that guy's right," said Vanderbilt, a man known for his efforts to win fans for the sport. "But also, maybe there are enough mile-and-a-quarter races already. What's wrong with having a true autumn championship? The Belmont Stakes and the Coaching Club American Oaks are raced over a mile and a half in late spring. They are this country's classics. Why not do it all over again in September and really find out who's the best horse around?"

By dusk on Saturday that was obvious: Key to the Mint. But the Woodward revealed a number of other things as well. Among them 1) that winning trainer Elliott Burch, who is not yet 50 and therefore young in his profession, is something

MAN WITH A KEY TO A CHAMPIONSHIP

No one living has rivaled Elliott Burch's record of training three Horses of the Year; now he has a fourth—Key to the Mint by WHITNEY TOWER

of a genius (Key to the Mint seems certain to become his fourth Horse of the Year in 14 seasons), 2) that Burch trains the best 3-year-old filly in the U.S. as well as the best colt, for in finishing second before being disqualified Summer Guest probably snatched that title from her rival, Susan's Girl and 3) that Riva Ridge, beaten in his last three starts, is not the horse he was heralded to be in June.

In their last meeting in the Belmont Stakes, Riva Ridge overwhelmed Key to the Mint by 13 lengths. This time he lost to the Burch colt by a little over six lengths. The reversal of form—19 lengths in 17 weeks' time—was astonishing.

There were indications through July and August that Key to the Mint might be racing into championship form. He won three prestigious stakes—the Brooklyn, Whitney and Travers—while Riva Ridge barely eeked out a victory over so-so horses in the Hollywood Derby, then finished fourth in the drug-clouded Monmouth Invitational (SI, Sept. 4) and was a well-beaten second to Canonero in the Stryke.

Yet, all the while, Lucien Laurin, who trains Riva Ridge and finds it hard to believe that he's ever about to saddle a loser, retained confidence in the colt. "I'm not afraid of any horse," Laurin said on Woodward Day. "I'm going in with the best, and all I want is luck." As he spoke,

rain poured down, and the track turned from fast to mud to slop. "This surface won't bother Riva at all," Laurin declared. "He's a long-striding horse who needs sure footing, and that's what slop at Belmont provides. The going here won't be at all like the slippery, greasy muck in the Preakness at Pimlico. Belmont's track has a superior bottom and a higher sand content. None of us should have an excuse."

Like Laurin, Elliott Burch did not believe the mud would be a factor. But as always, Burch was apprehensive about his preparation of Key to the Mint. He believed as long ago as last January that the colt had the potential to be the best racehorse in America. His daily concern for the horse's training regimen was revealed in a diary (SI, April 17) he kept as he readied Key to the Mint for the Kentucky Derby. Then, in a conditioning race at Hialeah, the horse struck his right hind leg coming out of the starting gate and suffered a massive bruise. At the time it appeared the son of Graustark might be finished as a racehorse.

But Burch had nursed the lame colt back to his winning ways by Derby week, and while Key to the Mint did not start against Riva at Churchill Downs, he was ready to take on Laurin's horse in the Preakness. The boggy track beat both colts that day. Then came the Belmont

Stakes "I probably messed up Key to the Mint in that race," said Burch last week. "I put a lot of speed into him prior to the event and then told Brasheo Baeza, our jockey, to rate him. It was impossible. The colt proved so rank and so difficult to handle that afterward I decided to disregard that race—without, mind you, taking any credit away from Riva Ridge, who certainly was tops that day. But then my colt came back to take those three big stakes, and won like a good horse should. I still don't know if he is a mile-and-a-half horse, but the Woodward—for better or worse—will tell us."

On the eve of the stake, Burch figured that if Key to the Mint flagged, there was always a chance Summer Guest, who had been successful in the Coaching Club American Oaks and Alabama, might win the race anyhow for him and Owner Paul Mellon. She had shown she could stay the distance and she only improved on a muddy track.

There were seven other entries in the Woodward, but from the start it turned out to be a match between Key to the Mint and Riva Ridge. For a full mile and a quarter in the depressing slop Key to the Mint, on the inside, and Riva Ridge, on the outside, duelled, first one head in front, then the other. The pace was moderate: six furlongs in 1:11½, the mile in 1:36½; then it quickened, with the mile and a quarter in 2:01½. A long

shot, Favorecidian, made an early run at the pair—in vain. Then King's Bishop challenged; he fell back. And finally, on came Summer Guest.

Now the brave pair of front-runners were testing each other to the limit. Suddenly, as had happened in the Belmont Stakes, one of the leaders gave way, but this time it was Riva Ridge. Key to the Mint went ahead for good just inside the three-eighths pole. The only threat as he raced to the wire in the creditable time of 2:28½ came from his stablemate, who passed both Riva Ridge and Autobiography to close to within a length and a quarter. But the chestnut filly had cut across Autobiography going into the first turn, and although the latter had a mile and a quarter to recover before finishing third, the stewards disqualified Summer Guest and moved Autobiography into second place.

Riva Ridge had finished fourth. His excuses were nil, even according to Trainer Laurin: "Maybe he has lost a little

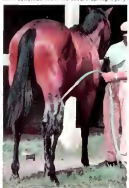
flesh, maybe he's going back a bit and maybe he's tired from losing to Canoeiro in world-record time. All I know is that Riva Ridge did his best today, and it just wasn't good enough."

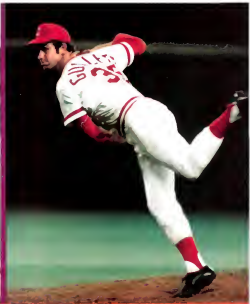
Horse of the Year votes won't be tabulated for another couple of months, but it is unlikely that Key to the Mint and Riva will face each other again this season. The Key may start in the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup and his rival could wind up the year in the Washington, D.C. International.

After the Woodward was all over, Laurin and Burch pumped hands and the latter allowed, "Maybe I'm just lucky." But a man who develops such champions as Sword Dancer, Bowl of Flowers, Quadrangle, Arts and Letters, Fort Marcy, Run the Gantlet—and now Key to the Mint and Summer Guest—has something more going for him. He may have available the best stock in the world, but it takes more than that and more than luck.

END

Following Woodward, Burch is congratulated by Jockey Baeza for bringing the colt back in mint condition from his severe spring injury.





SIMPLY CALL IT THE NATIONAL PASTIME

Forget the American League, say addicts of the older one, and get a load of what Cincinnati and Pittsburgh are promising to do to one another in their pennant extravaganza **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

They may regret it a couple of weeks from now, but citizens who vote the straight National League ticket are saying the playoff between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati is going to decide who's best in all baseball. Forget that American League East finish. Ignore Charlie Finley and his Oakland A's. Above all, disregard what Truman did to Dewey. The players who will be coming out on the field in Pittsburgh Saturday, say these party regulars, are just passing through town on their way to that little red building in Cooperstown.

To be sure, the same cities played for the pennant two years ago and the Reds won, but those Reds might have drawn a few don't-knows in the polls and those Pirates had yet to reveal their Maryland strategy in the 1971 World Series. Fact of the matter is, none of the previous six championship series had the quality this one promises. Consider how the Pirates and Reds warmed up last week. Roberto Clemente, he who walks on the Moonagahela, slashed out the 3,000th hit of his career. Johnny Bench made it seven home runs in seven games. Steve Blass just missed becoming the first Pirate pitcher in a dozen years to win 20 games. Clay Carroll stalked out of the Cincinnati bullpen to set a major league record for saves: 36. The Reds' Pete Rose, he who slides on his tummy, was chasing after his sixth 200-hit season, and the Pirates' Al Oliver, supposedly third banana behind Clemente and Willie Stargell, was finishing out a campaign in which he will hit over .300, score nearly 90 runs and drive in another 90. Little Joe Morgan of Cincinnati was still scoring runs (121), stealing bases (56), drawing walks (112) and using that Little League glove of his to come close to the alltime record for fewest errors in a season by a second baseman (seven), held by Jackie Robinson.

All in all, the Pirates and Reds had dominated their league as no two National League teams since the start of divisional play. Everybody knows about

the Pirates. They're the people with the hot rack that is constantly twitching and has to be chained down lest it become a UFO. At a time when the .275 hitter is supposedly a condemned species in the majors the Pirates have stockpiled 10 of them.

Stargell has had one of his biggest years, with a .294 batting average, 33 homers and 112 RBIs. "Willie is a better hitter with men on base than without," says Manager Bill Vardon. "When he is making contact, he is one of the best RBI men I have ever seen. He thrives when we have men in scoring position." But Willie hit his last homer on Sept. 4, and it might be a cause of concern for the Pirates that his batting average has dropped from .311 in the past few weeks.

For their part, the Reds did not get to the playoffs by sneaking past the gate guards. As the week ended they were only two victories short of Pittsburgh's total of 95—and, oh my, how they could carry on around those bases. The men at the top of the batting order, Pete Rose, Joe Morgan and Bobby Tolan, had scored 310 runs and stolen 107 bases. And the gag that goes, "Imagine how the Pirates and Reds would hit if they ever got a chance against their own pitching," is no longer valid. Pittsburgh had the second best pitching staff in the National League this season; Cincinnati's was third.

Still, it is conceivable that the Reds could come up a trifle short on the mound. Their top starter, Gary Nolan (14-5, 2.05 ERA), has recently had both an aching arm and a tooth that hurt so much it had to be pulled. But even if Nolan has not regained his form, Manager Sparky Anderson will not neces-

sarily be morose. He can throw Left-handers Don Gullett and Ross Grimsley at left-handed hitters like Stargell and Oliver and undoubtedly will get some starting mileage from Right-hander Jack Billingham, too. Gullett, 21, recovered from hepatitis to have a rousing late season, topped by Sunday's one-hitter. Billingham, who was 4-9 at one point, won his 12th game last week.

Scouts will tell you that the two best arms in baseball may not be found on the mound, however, but in right field, where Clemente and Cesar Geronimo are employed. If it is true, as has often been suggested, that Roberto Clemente can throw a strawberry through a locomotive, then Geronimo can put one through the tender, the parlor car and two coaches.

Both Pittsburgh and Cincinnati have excellent bullpens. The Pirates' Dave Giusti has saved 22 games and Ramon Hernandez has an earned run average of 1.59. Besides Carroll, Cincinnati counts on Tom (The Blade) Hall, a lefthander small enough to ride at Latonia. His 10-1 divides out as the best pitching percentage in the land, and he has struck out 132 batters in 122 innings.

Neither team is timid about forcing the issue—going for the extra base, running to unsettle the defense, sliding hard to break up double plays. "The Reds," says Steve Blass, "know all about how well we hit and they are not intimidated. They beat us five of the last six times we played them—but then Clemente missed the five we lost. Clemente, in my opinion, is the most electrifying player in baseball. We are not the same team without him. He never seems to waste his hits; he makes them add up to

continued

KEY MATCH-UPS pit big bopper Willie Stargell against Johnny Bench and probable starting pitchers Steve Blass, PH's best all year, against Cincy's late-blooming lefthander, Don Gullett.

something. But when we played the Reds—remember, we won only four of 12 on the season—we made mistakes we can't afford now. When you pitch against them you can't want to get yourself into a groove. You have to be prepared physically and mentally to face those first three hitters."

In the Reds-Pirates playoff of 1970, Cincinnati swept Pittsburgh despite getting only nine runs and 22 hits in three games. Everyone had assumed it would be a hitter's playoff because the Reds had a team batting average of .2703, the Pirates .2700. Pittsburgh squandered opportunities by leaving 29 men on base against a Cincinnati pitching staff beset with physical problems. Says Anderson, "I think that we both played cautiously because it was the first time in a playoff for both of us. I don't anticipate that this time."

The Pirates, of course, have now won three consecutive East Division championships, and they have a chance to become the first National League team in half a century to take back-to-back World Series.

An informal poll of baseball men turned up few who could discern a significant edge for one team or the other. Atlanta's Henry Aaron says the Pirates are the best-hitting team he has seen in 19 years in the National League, but he also likes Cincinnati's left-handed pitching. Walt Alston, senior manager in the majors, calls the match-up "just about even. The Pirates may have a little edge in their bench. Everybody can do just about as well as the nine out there at the start."

"But," Alston warns, "in a short series the bench isn't as vital as it is over a full season. Both are teams with fine speed, power, hitting for average and pitching. A lot will depend on what kind of shape Roberto Clemente is in, how he's hitting and how he's throwing. Willie Stargell is another vital man. If he's in a hot streak, look out. If he's in a slump, he's another batter. Almost any player on the Pirates—Rachie Hebner, for example—can take you out of the ball game. And Pittsburgh's pitching is underrated. They proved that last year in the Series. But the Reds have power and speed and they got a great year from Johnny Bench. He can always hurt you. At times he can ruin you. Any

way you look at it, it's a toss-up."

Billy Williams of the Cubs, one of the leading candidates for the Most Valuable Player award, says, "This could be the best playoff yet. You have two teams quite different in style and talent but both make the best of what they have. The Pirates are basically a hit-and-run team. They get lots of little hits and run like crazy to make them count. They're a real smart team, too. Bobby Tolan has got to be one of the best players around. The Reds often have men on base when he comes to bat and he can hit the ball out. Everything is open for Tolan. With men on he has the added advantage of seeing fastballs, and he's a darned good fastball hitter. It comes down to an aggressive Pittsburgh team and a Cincinnati powerhouse."

Two quality performers who have seen a lot of the Pirates and Reds are Lou Brock and Bob Gibson of the Cardinals. "I believe," says Gibson, "that Pittsburgh has a steadier pitching staff than Cincinnati. Cincy has plenty of pitchers with good stuff, but you don't know from one day to another if they are really going to be ready to throw."

Brock has a different view. "Speed," he says, "should make the difference in a short series and the Reds are the faster team. I don't think there's another club in the majors with such speed from the one-two-three batters." Brock saw enough of that this year: the Reds beat the Cardinals 10 times in 12 games. The two St. Louis victories were won by a total of just three runs.

Brock also saw something of a bat swinger named Johnny Bench. On the shelf of Bench's locker at Riverfront Stadium is a bewildered-looking ceramic doll in an elevator car. Beneath it the lettering reads, "Some days you have your ups and downs . . . other days you get the shaft." Last season was the year of the downs and the shaft for Johnny Bench, but this year he has been on an up ear all the way. His closing rush put him at the top in both home runs and RBIs. Despite a truly bad 1971 season, Bench has 112 homers and 332 RBIs over the past three years. He's not a poor catcher, either.

Managers believe you should be able to steal two of every three bases you go for. The Reds themselves have done it, with 136 in 190 attempts. But how does

the rest of the league do against Cincinnati? Far worse than one might imagine. At the end of last week only 39 attempts had been made. No fewer than 35 were unsuccessful. The reason: Bench and his mighty arm. Bench makes plays that are caviar to the connoisseur. He can snap up low throws from the outfield with one hand like a first baseman. He climbs up the screen behind the plate and scrambles into box seats to grab foul balls for precious outs.

Before the season began Johnny said he wanted to find out which was the real Bench—the one who tore baseball apart in 1970 or the one who fell flat on his pluz and heard booing in 1971. "I think I've learned this year," Bench says, "that some people are going to boo you because they don't want to see anyone do well. I guess if you could look into my mind you would find the scars from last year still there someplace. But I don't live and die with it anymore. We all had a lot of nice things happen to us this season and they were brought about in part by the fact that we were shaping up at the end of last season. Over the winter Mr. Howsam [the general manager] made the big trade with Houston. It went down hard with a lot of our fans because we gave up Lee May, Tommy Helms and Jimmy Stewart to get Joe Morgan, Jack Billingham, Denis Menke and Cesar Geronimo. I was at a banquet with Mr. Howsam, and when he was introduced he was booed. That stung. I followed him at the make and told the fans to get ready to watch Morgan have a heck of a year for the Reds. I said if Bobby Tolan could play like Bobby Tolan they'd just better get ready to watch Cincinnati was the division. Not many people thought Bobby could come back after two Achilles' tendon tears."

It was Tolan, the No. 3 hitter, who hit .417 in the 1970 playoffs. In games against Pittsburgh this season he drove in more runs than any other Red. After his latest injury, early in 1971, Tolan had maintained steadfastly that he would open the 1972 season in center field for Cincinnati. It seemed a foolish prediction, but Sparky Anderson did not publicly air his doubts.

"I truly did not think any athlete could do what Bobby Tolan has done," says Anderson. "How many players have

continued



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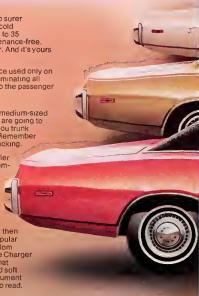
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come back after one Achilles' tendon, let alone two? We went to Tampa for spring training and Tolan was there champing at the bit. The doctor said Bobby could do nothing for the first 10 days except walk—and be darned careful where he walked. I went into the trainer's room to talk to Bobby and, boy, was he mad. "Why have I wasted the whole winter working out?" he said. "Did the doctor see something in the X rays that you people are holding back from me?" I told Bobby to try and settle himself down and, no, there was nothing that indicated he was through as a player but doctor's orders were to walk, not run. I said, "Bobby, let's find a nice place to walk."

"Later we went to Venezuela for three exhibition games against the Pirates and I put Bobby in the lineup, but when we took a walk in the outfield we saw so many holes I had to scratch him. We played him in Caracas and had no problem. Back in Florida for an exhibition game, we got a real scare. Bobby had to slide into third base. Everybody on the bench just sat there waiting to see if he would get up. When we saw he was O.K., the whole bench applauded."

"He was coming back, all right, but we still had to wonder just how far he could come. Joe Morgan was talking to Bobby all along, telling him that a situation was going to come up where he might attempt to steal and that he should only attempt it, not worry about making it. The important thing was the try. Even when the season started we didn't know how many bases he might be able to steal. If somebody had told me 20 I would have gladly settled for that. Well, he stole 41, and some of those were big ones. Bobby Tolan is a remarkable man."

Which brings us back to Rose and Morgan. Take a Cincinnati box score, says Anderson, and cover everything but the line for the leadoff trio, and you should be able to detect the winning team. "If Rose, Morgan and Tolan have five hits among them," he says, "you should find us coming out ahead."

Welcome back, Pete, Joe, Bobby, Johnny. Same to you, Roberto, Walie, Steve, Al. Maybe those National League crazies are right. Maybe there will be two World Series. This one, and the one with that other league.

END

Movies without movie lights.



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In his aerie 25 floors above Oakland's Lake Merritt, Charles O. Finley advanced upon the kitchen and, with the solemn meticulousness that has made wretched the lives of once-carefree subordinates, cooked up a batch of hamburgers.

He chopped onions with surgical precision, kneaded the raw red meat like a sculptor molding clay and snapped instructions at his houseguest, Jimmy Piersall, the old Red Sox centerfielder, who is for the moment director of "group sales" for Finley's Oakland A's baseball team.

"You can cut those tomatoes later, Jimmy. Run next door now and borrow some cooking oil."

"Yes, sir," said Piersall, age 42.

"And then you can resume cutting the damn tomatoes."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't brag about much of anything," Finley said convincingly as Piersall dutifully sped off on his errand, "but I will tell you this: No son of a gun can outcook me."

For a man of such culinary pretensions, hamburger seemed a trifling challenge, but Finley had misplaced his new upper plate on a visit to his equally new basketball team in Memphis and, awaiting an acceptable replacement, was resigned to ingesting ground meat. The missing denture also contributed an incongruous sibilance to Finley's senatorial diction, and for this he apologized profusely. His is a command voice, deep in texture, measured in pace, an effective instrument. The occasional hisses that now escaped detracted from his style.

His real teeth had been removed to remedy an oral infection that had caused him spells of dizziness, some even severe enough to abbreviate his normally interminable telephone conversations. With the teeth out he was a healthier, if somewhat lesser, man.

Despite his pale complexion and white hair, Finley, who is 54 (he was born on Washington's Birthday, an irony not lost on his fellow owners), is in no way fragile. He is robust, erect, handsome in a craggy way and obviously indefatigable. Stiff, health—or, more accurately, the loss of it—is a matter of grave concern to him, as well it might be, for

CHARLIE O. EYES A PENNANT OR THREE

There is no end to the charm—or head-chopping propensities—of

Charles O. Finley, whose A's won the American League West last week to set an example for his TAMs and Seals **by RON FIMRITE**

at age 28 he fell ill with pneumonic tuberculosis and spent the next 27 months in a sanatorium.

The long illness did have some salutary side effects, however, for it was during his recuperation that he conceived of a group insurance program for doctors that has helped make him a millionaire several times over and the proprietor of not one but three professional sports franchises. "All you got to do," says he, "is lose your health and you do a hell of a lot of serious down-to-earth thinking."

Finley is the son and the grandson of steelworkers, and it was in this scarcely remunerative trade that he began his moneymaking career. Together grandfather, father and son logged 94 years in the mills.

"I'm a machinist, really," said Finley, flipping the burgers expertly. "I'd still rather work on machines than anything else. I'm more comfortable as a grease monkey than I am doing what I'm doing now."

There are those—some team owners, numberless former employees, nearly a dozen baseball managers and almost everybody in Kansas City, not to mention Bowie Kuhn and Vida Blue—who might wish he had more faithfully pursued his original calling. Instead, Finley took night-school courses and sold insurance on the side. In 1945 he became a full-time insurance man, and in his first year established a record for writing health and accident policies for The Travelers Insurance Company in Indiana that remains unsurpassed. He took sick the next year and did enough serious down-to-earth thinking to pull out of it with "a small fortune" and the conviction that "the best things in life are still free."

In 1952 Finley formed his own corporation—Charles O. Finley & Co., Inc.—of which the A's, the California

Golden Seals hockey team and the Memphis TAMs basketball team are merely divisions. Actually, Finley's share in the company is only 30%; the remaining shares are held by his wife Shirley and their seven children. "They could vote me out anytime," he acknowledges, "but I caution them that they'll never get anyone to work as hard or as cheap."

Hard work is a Finley religion. That and action. "Don't wait, make it happen" is his motto. Money in itself seems unimportant to him. The work that goes into its accumulation and the power over other men it gives him are its rewards. Save for his love of good food, he has few of the affections of the very rich. He remains a machinist at heart.

In fact, he did not really begin to enjoy his newly won riches, he says, until 1961 when, after a seven-year search, he finally bought himself a baseball team—the then Kansas City A's—to play with. He spent the next seven years trying to get the team out of Kansas City, much to the chagrin of city officials, who at first embraced him as a baseball messiah, then castigated him as a Judas. Finley had assured them he would keep the team in town though he was looking, almost from the beginning, for a way out.

But he did give what few fans the A's had there a spectacle all too familiar now to what few fans the A's have in Oakland—fireworks, mules, rabbits, greased-pig chases, pretty girls, pretty uniforms, a manager a year and his own considerable presence. When he finally moved West for the 1968 season, after convincing his fellow owners that he and Kansas City simply weren't made for each other, he left behind a bewildered, angered and somewhat relieved citizenry. "Oakland," said one Kansas Citizen, "is the luckiest city since Hiroshima."

Finley only moved the ball club. He had never lived in Kansas City, although

enriched

SWEETEST MAN that side of the Mississippi with his orb and scepter of sporting office.

he originally said he would move there. He has a 1,280-acre farm in La Porte, Ind., and a hotel suite near the offices in Chicago where, mostly on the phone, he runs his business and his teams. The Oakland apartment is only a guesthouse, and the least frequent guest may well be Finley himself.

But he was there this particular week watching "my A's" take their final halting strides toward a second successive American League West championship. He had arrived from Memphis, where he had been acclaimed a few days earlier as . . . well . . . a basketball messiah for assuring the few fans there that he thought the team earlier this year "to keep it in Memphis."

The TAMs are his only team outside Oakland, and this alone may bring them luck, for both the Seals, who have been losers, and the A's, who have been winners, are tepid attractions in the East Bay. The A's, probably the best team in the American League this season, have drawn only 900,000 fans. And yet, despite the persistently deplorable attendance, they make enough money to support the hockey team. Finley's lease at the Oakland Coliseum is a help. He receives 27½% of the parking and 25% of the concessions and pays a minimum annual rental of \$125,000 or 5% of the gate up to 1.45 million, a total the A's have not even remotely approached.

The lease also runs for 20 years, a precaution against any future Finley defections. Finley insists, all rumors to the contrary, that he has no intention of moving either the Seals or the A's. But there are skeptics. One is Bill Dauer, who was the executive vice-president of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce when Finley was there and now holds the same job with the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.

"Everything he has said and done in Oakland," said Dauer, "is like a record being played back to me. He is so crafty, so cunning, truly one of the last great characters. It will take a pretty smart guy to outwit those people in Oakland. He may just be that guy."

Finley confesses to only a casual fan's knowledge of hockey and basketball, so he is more inclined than usual to delegate authority in those areas, although his concept of delegating authority is closer to Peter the Great's than Dwight Eisenhower's.

"Charlie butts into everything," says

Bob Elson, the veteran baseball announcer who worked for the A's last year before joining the Finley alumni association—which is about the size of Harvard's. "He'd sell tickets, hawk programs, sweep out the ball park, anything. He's the hardest-working man in baseball, but Charlie Finley feels that if Charlie Finley should drop dead, the world would just stop turning around."

Nowhere is Finley's penchant for running his own show more apparent than with the baseball team. The A's chain of command begins and ends with Charles O. Finley, and there are few links in between. He employs a functioning office staff of seven men and one woman. Finley is his own general manager. He has tried others and found them wanting, and as he says, "I satisfy the owner."

Finley's one-man band mocks the conventional baseball organization, with its board chairmen, executive vice-presidents, financial analysts, media liaison officers and the other impedimenta of big business. It both galls and astonishes orthodox baseball men that Finley, wearing so many hats, can accomplish so much. It is not false pride speaking nor is it, heaven forbid, bragging when Finley refers to the team as "my A's." They are, indisputably, his.

"Maybe his way is right," says Bill Cutler, another Finley alumus, who now operates the Portland Pacific Coast League team. "Maybe you don't need a general manager. Maybe all the owners should do like Charlie—run the team on the phone from Chicago and make the decisions after consulting cabdrivers and the guy in the barbershop."

Cutler learned firsthand that Finley runs his office the way 18th century British sea captains ran their vessels. When the team moved to Oakland, Cutler joined it as an "administrative assistant." He had spent 20 years in the American League office and left it as an assistant to the president. He had 12 children, so the cross-country move from Boston was no small undertaking. Once in Oakland, however, Cutler learned that the duties of a Finley "administrative assistant" were, at best, vague. He was further disillusioned when he heard Finley describe him publicly as the team's new public relations man.

"I wouldn't have come all that distance to be a P.R. man," says Cutler. "I'd never done any P.R. in my life.

Charlie just didn't keep his word." Cutler, 12 children and all, was fired within six months.

It is no disgrace, of course, to be cashiered by Charlie Finley. In the 12 seasons he has owned the A's he has had 12 managers, eight publicity men, seven farm directors, six traveling secretaries, four controllers and four general managers, not counting himself. One day Finley may achieve the ultimate by firing himself. When the A's win the World Series, he has said, "The first man I'll get rid of will be Charles O. Finley. After that, somebody else can run the show." That, say the Finley alumni, will be the day.

Finley enjoys hiring at least as much as firing. He has been known to meet people on airplanes for the first time and hire them as, say, "administrative assistants" before the plane touches ground.

"He just likes selling and being sold," says John O'Reilly, now a San Francisco television sports broadcaster but once a Finley promotion man. O'Reilly ran afoul of his boss on one occasion when he refused to introduce long-haired Joe Pepitone on the public address system as "Josephine Pepitone." Finley, ever anxious to entertain the customers, thought it would be good for a laugh. O'Reilly, to his sorrow, disagreed. Still, he survived that dereliction of duty, which is more than can be said for the Coliseum fireworks man who shorted Finley one bomb charge and was fired posthaste.

Bob Bestor, now a vice-president for an outdoor advertising firm, has the singular distinction of working as a public relations man for both Finley and Al Davis, the manipulating and almost equally eccentric boss of the Oakland Raiders football team. "Davis," he said, carefully drawing the distinction, "is like the CIA, Charlie is like the 4th Marine Division. He just rolls over you. The thing that finally got me out of there was when he took a full hour explaining to me how to address an envelope."

"He leaves you not a shred of dignity," said one former aide. "It gets to the point where you are almost brainwashed. If he doesn't chew you out one day, you're like a prisoner of war saying to yourself, 'How nice of them not to beat us tonight.'"

"Charlie," said broadcaster Elson, "has this one little weakness: he just

continued

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The year millions of Americans will forget is 1971, their very first small car.

Minicool had themselves confused with which small car is best.

Which is why we think it might be helpful for you to know that in Europe, where they've been comparing small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

Volkswagens included.

One of the big reasons for this is the Fiat 128, which we're bringing to America for the first time this year.

OUR PERFORMANCE VERSUS THEIR PERFORMANCE.

The most obvious difference between the Fiat 128 and the Volkswagen Super Beetle is the engine.

Ours is in front—thems is in back. We have front wheel drive—they have rear wheel drive.

Front wheel drive gives you better handling because the wheels that are moving the car are also the wheels that are turning the car.

Front wheel drive also gives you better traction on ice and snow. (As proof, last year, the Fiat 128 won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

You'll also notice, if you glance at the chart on the right, that under passing conditions the Fiat accelerates faster than the Volkswagen. If you've ever passed a giant truck on a highway, you know how important that is.)

The Fiat 128—which has self-adjusting front disc brakes—can bring you to a complete stop in a shorter distance than

the Volkswagen, which does not have disc brakes.

The Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

And lastly, the Fiat comes with radial tires. The Volkswagen doesn't.

OUR ROOM VERSUS THEIR ROOM.

The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road, they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is still from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where back of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

OUR COST VERSUS THEIR COST.

Aside from the fact that the Fiat 128 costs \$167 less than the Super Beetle, there's another cost advantage we're rather proud of.

According to tests run by the North American Testing Company, the Fiat 128 gets better gas mileage than the Super Beetle.

Now we don't for one minute expect that, even in the face of all the aforementioned evidence, you will rush out and buy a Fiat. All we suggest is that you take the time to look at a Fiat.

Recently, the president of Volkswagen of America was quoted as saying that 42% of all the people who buy Volkswagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

And we think that people who don't look before they buy never know what they've missed.

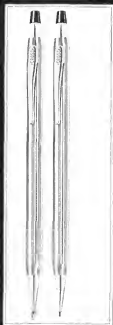
FIAT

ACCELERATION		
FIAT	20-70 mph	9.40 sec.
VW	20-70 mph	11.65 sec.
FIAT	30-70 mph	17.86 sec.
VW	30-70 mph	20.00 sec.
BRAKING		
FIAT	20 mph	14.2 ft.
VW	20 mph	13.6 ft.
FIAT	40 mph	18.7 ft.
VW	40 mph	19.2 ft.
BUMPER TO BUMPER		
FIAT		153.8 in.
VW		161.8 in.
FRONT SEAT—SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		51.50 in.
VW		49.0 in.
REAR SEAT—SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		40.87 in.
VW		47.125 in.
BACK SEAT—KNEE ROOM		
FIAT		51.00 in.
VW		25.75 in.
COST		
FIAT		\$1,092*
VW		\$2,159*

*Based on 1978 model prices. Excludes taxes, license, title, and dealer fees. Excludes optional equipment. Excludes destination charge. Excludes freight and handling charges.



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CHARLIE O. continued

doesn't treat people like human beings."

Much of Finley's impatience with his underlings may be attributed to the self-made man's distrust of the glib, the subtle, the easy. Finley wears his humble origins like a coat of arms. "My God," said Dauer, "I've heard the story of how he made his money 500 times." "Sweat and sacrifice," says Finley about every chance he gets, "spell success."

Finley relishes a confrontation with a supposed equal. His first general manager was Frank Lane, a strong-willed and experienced executive whom Finley described to Kansas City fans as "one of the best brains in baseball." The words were still echoing when Lane was sacked. "I," said Finley afterward, "know more about baseball than he does."

The newest challenge could be Adolph Rupp, the crusty 71-year-old former Kentucky basketball coach who is "president" of Finley's Memphis T.A.M.s. At the moment their relationship is harmonious in the extreme. Finley is "proud to have the Baron on my team" and Rupp, uncharacteristically deferential, has said of his boss, "He's a magnetic man, a great man. Trying to top him is like trying to get the sun past the rooster."

Finley is perennially at sword's point with the press. Last month he was outraged when Ron Bergman of the *Oakland Tribune* wrote in *The Sporting News* that the A's announcers, Monte Moore and Jim Woods, seemed to be engaged in a contest "to see which one can make the most complimentary remarks about Owner Charlie Finley." Finley is fiercely protective of his announcers, although with the notable exception of Moore, who has been with him from the beginning and is darkly accused in some quarters of being the boss' informer, they come and go about as often as managers and publicity men.

When Finley read the Bergman item he reached, quite naturally, for the phone. The subsequent conversation went something like this:

"Mr. Bergman, this is Charles O. Finley. You, sir, are a twerp! You have made my announcers sound like prostitutes."

"Oh, they're good announcers, Charlie, but they'd be better if they didn't mention your name eight times every minute."

"O.K., you can write what you want, but from now on, you'd better make your own plane and hotel reservations,

You'll have to, because you're not riding on my charters anymore."

Click!

Since the *Tribune* pays Bergman's air passage and hotel bills and he is one of only two reporters who travel with the A's, Finley would seem to have committed something of a gaffe in local press relations, just as he did before last season's playoff series when it was learned he had plans to establish his press headquarters not in Oakland but in The Mark Hopkins Hotel across the Bay in much-envied San Francisco. Even Finley later admitted the Bergman affair was "probably beneath my dignity" and restored his privileges.

The Finley approach to player relations has softened considerably in recent years. He did have a salary dispute with star slugger Reggie Jackson two years ago, but now Jackson is touting him, with some justification, as "Executive of the Year." This year it was Finley vs. Vida Blue over salary. Finley, of course, won, but Blue is still unhappy. It is his contention he was not treated as an adult during the dispute. "Vida," says Finley, "is basically a good boy."

Finley can, however, be extraordinarily generous with his athletes. He is free with unexpected gifts, personal loans and financial advice.

"He helped me with financial problems," said Diego Segui, whom Finley traded to St. Louis this season. "He helped lots of other players, too, and some of them, after they were traded, turned against Mr. Finley. I do not like that."

Another apparent Finley fan is his current manager, Dick Williams, who already holds the longevity record for the job and in August signed a second two-year contract. "It is," says Williams without the slightest suggestion of sarcasm, "a pleasure to work with him."

Finley is openly proud of his baseball maudens. Over lunch in the apartment (Piersall finally got back with the oil) he talked expansively of his days as a semipro-player-manager in Gary.

"Tell me the one about the uniforms," prompted Piersall.

"Ah yes, well, I went to all the merchants in town asking them each to give \$25 to pay for our uniforms. In return I assured them we'd have the names of their firms on the backs of our shirts. What I did then was to go out and buy 98¢ sweat shirts and just have the names

continued

Gourmet originals.

The original Chicken Tetrazzini.

Unfortunately, opera star Luisa Tetrazzini is more famous today for this creamy vegetable and spaghetti dish than for what, no doubt, inspired it. Her incomparable swan song. What's more, if a shortage of swans about 1920 hadn't forced a last-minute recipe change to chicken, today we'd all be enjoying Swan Tetrazzini.

The original Steak Tartare.

This delicacy probably began with Genghis Khan's roving hordes about 1100 A.D. Meat stored under their saddle bags shredded. And was eaten raw. Heated debates still rage over this, our hamburger's ancestor. Specifically, whether ancient history might have been altered if there had been a Burger Queen in Genghis's hometown.

The original Lobster Newberg.

About 1890, Delmonico's Restaurant (N.Y.C.) honored one of its best patrons, Mr. Ben Wenberg, by naming this creamy lobster sauce dish, "Lobster Wenberg." One evening, however, a bitter quarrel erupted. And thereafter, Mr. Wenberg's name was mud: The dish fortunately was relubbed something slightly more appetizing.

The original light Scotch.

Usher's Green Stripe. For years, gourmets everywhere have been singing Usher's praises. In fact, it may have been present when the curtain went up on *Mime Tetrazzini's* masterpiece. For Andrew Usher had already composed this superbly light original about 67 years before. Since 1853, Usher's. From soup to nuts above the rest.

Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 Original.

For a cup of Usher's "Gourmet Originals" (scotch, wine, B&B, Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., P.O. Box 100, Louisville, Ky., 40201).





Our marriage will cause
quite a stir.

stenciled on. The full uniforms didn't cost more than \$15 apiece. The rest was gravy."

"Is that the most money you've ever made out of baseball?"

"Yes, I think you could say that."

It was also an early demonstration of the vaunted Finley ingenuity. No owner in baseball is more promotion-conscious, and while many of his schemes may be dismissed as juvenile—"Charlie O.," the mule, the mechanical rabbit delivering baseballs to the umpire (since abandoned), "Bald Headed Day," "Mustache Day"—others have the ring of sweet reason. It was Finley, for example, who suggested the World Series begin on a Saturday and that weekday games be played at night so that "the people who support us—the workingman, the kid in school—can see our biggest attraction." He considers himself a practical businessman with vision. And so he is.

"Take the uniforms," he said, pushing himself away from the table. "When I first came out with our green and gold suits and the white shoes, all those owners threw up their hands and cried, 'What is the man doing to our beloved game?' Now just look at the way they're dressing their teams."

More radically, Finley proposes that pitchers be limited to three, not four balls, and he wants to allow players replaced by pinch hitters or pinch runners to return to the game. "This," he says, "will help balance the defense and the offense. We've got to bring action back into this game. Just look at all the rules changes in football, basketball and hockey over the past 25 years. In our game there hasn't been one significant rule change in the last 86 years! And I'll say this, if we don't make some substantial changes soon, I'm gonna get out!"

There was a time when a declaration of this sort would bring huzzahs from Finley's conferees in the baseball hegemony, but though he is an occasional irritant, they have decided he makes some sense now, and they are listening.

Finley savors his little victories over them. "You know," he said, "some people like to punt old Charlie with horns growing out of his head. But I'll tell you something." He lowered his voice almost to a whisper. "I'm really just about the sweetest guy this side of the Mississippi."

END



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HOCKEY 72/73

Money Makes the Puck Go

After a convulsive summer in which salaries soared and pride plummeted, the NHL takes the ice at war with a brash new league that has bought some of its big sticks **by MARK MULVOY**

As the hockey season opens with Bobby Orr lumping in Boston, Bobby Hull skating in Winnipeg, Derek Sanderson spouting off in Philadelphia, Rocket Richard coaching in Quebec City and a dozen lawsuits simmering in the courts, let's all pause in a moment of silence for the National Hockey League. No league has ever lost so much in so little time. Indeed, although the world still breathlessly awaits such opening matchups this weekend as the one between the Atlanta Flames and the New York Islanders—latest creatures of rash expansion—it has already been a long, painful and expensive year for the Establishment.

There was the distressing Russian affair, of course, thrilling though the games themselves were. And then there was the World Hockey Association. It seems only yesterday that the NHL owners were snickering at these puny interlopers. But then the WHA's midnight raiders went to war with their checkbooks, and at last count the 12 WHA teams had pirated more than 50 players who performed in the NHL last season. In doing so they ripped deepest into the Stanley Cup champions, the Boston Bruins, and for that small favor the rival New York Rangers are deeply grateful.

True, the WHA has lured some NHL players and signed some college kids who could not have laced the Rocket's boots, but—apart from Orr—how many NHL players can match Bobby Hull as an electric performer on the ice or Derek Sanderson as a gate attraction off it? Not even Phil Esposito believes people pay money just to see him score a goal every night.

Hull provided the new league with its first touch of professional respectability and also ignited a profitable dollar war for all hockey players when he signed his huge contract to be player-coach at Winnipeg the next five years. "Getting Hull was our coup," says Gary Davidson, the WHA's president. "Once Bobby signed, we figured that a lot of big-name players would follow him pretty quick-



Steepest Chicago caper since the '20s was Bobby Hull's \$3 million WHA bid. Others in

ly." And so they did—Boston Goalie Gerry Cheevers to Cleveland, Montreal Defenseman J. C. Tremblay to Quebec City, Toronto Goalie Bernie Parent and Boston Wing Johnny McKenzie to Philadelphia. Ali signed long-term, six-

figure contracts for more than double the sums they made last year in the NHL. Then Sanderson stunned the Bruins when he signed a 10-year contract with Philadelphia for a reported \$2.3 million. "They used to call me

flaky in the NHL," Sanderson says, "but now that I'm a millionaire they'll be calling me an eccentric."

The NHL owners at first refused to become involved in the kind of skirmishing that has made pro basketball players so wealthy. "Why be silly?" said Weston W. Adams Jr., president of the

above his normal increase and told him to take it or leave it," says Wren Blair, general manager of the Minnesota North Stars. "We lost maybe only one player we really wanted to keep, but now our per-man payroll is higher than the Minnesota Vikings'."

One day last June the NHL rejected

he had himself a WHA franchise for \$250,000—at least \$5.7 million less than it would have cost him for an NHL expansion team in 1974.

Mileti promptly set out to destroy the Rangers. He offered Brad Park, Rod Gilbert and Vic Hadfield long-term contracts for more than \$300,000 a year. Time-out, said Ranger Coach Emile Francis, and he scurried off to huddle with Jennings and the rest of Madison Square Garden's upper echelon. After days of indecision the word finally came down: pay the players. So Francis signed Park for \$250,000 a year, making him the highest-paid player in the NHL, although by no means the best, and then he also enriched Gilbert, Hadfield and Jean Ratelle. Naturally all the other Rangers soon learned about the bonanza, and they began to buzz Francis' office with long-distance phone calls. Collect. "Yes," Francis told them, "we'll renegotiate." As a result the Rangers' 20-man payroll will be over \$1.5 million—more than double last season's. The Garden moved to raise some ticket prices, sold out the building for every game—and asked New York City for tax relief.

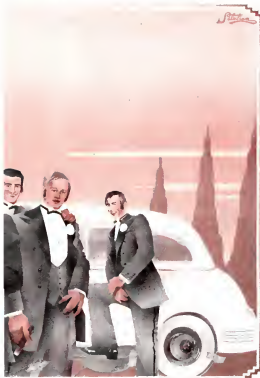
"The Rangers could not win the Stanley Cup on the ice, so they bought it," raged one NHL owner. "It was the first and last time we'll ever trust them. They lost only one player to the WHA and the rest of us got murdered."

The Rangers aside, what concerns the NHL owners most is the apparent staying power of enough WHA franchises to make the new league a viable operation in its first season. The immediate fate of the WHA undoubtedly rests with the courts. The NHL insists that the standard player contracts with their one-year reserve clauses are legally valid, while the WHA claims they are immoral and illegal. The WHA won the first big face-off last week when a Boston federal judge ruled that the Bruins could not detach Sanderson *et al.* from their WHA teams.

Obviously, the addition of a new league with 240 players and the expansion of the old one from 14 to 16 teams means that the real losers will be the fans who know major league hockey—and now will be paying up to \$9.50 a seat to watch a heavily watered product.

But it could be a lovely war. Turn the page for the order of battle as this edition went to press.

CONTINUED



the getaway car. Derek Sanderson, Bruce Parent, Gerry Cheevers and J. C. Tremblay.

Bruins. "We simply got together and agreed not to compete dollarwise for any players." The NHL teams, however, did offer sizable wage hikes. "If a player told me the WHA offered him a \$25,000 raise to jump, I offered may be \$7,500

an application by Cleveland's Nick Mileti for a franchise in the 1974 expansion. Instead, they gave one to a Kansas City group that included the son of Ranger President William M. Jennings. Mileti was miffed. Within a few weeks

NHL EAST

Waiting for Bobby

Who's afraid of Bob Woolf? Consult the mighty conglomerate of Bobby Orr-Phil Esposito, Ltd., also known as the Boston Bruins. Woolf is the Boston lawyer-agent who negotiated those astronomical WHA contracts for Goaltender Gerry Cheevers and Center Derek Sanderson, the free spirits whose locker-room antics kept the Stanley Cup championships loose. The Bruins also lost Johnny McKenzie and Teddy Green to the WHA. And they lost Eddie Westfall, who with Sanderson formed the best penalty-killing unit this side of Valeri Kharlamov and Vladimir Petrov, to the New York Islanders in the expansion draft. "They all hurt," wince Defenseman Don Awrey.

The defection of Cheevers, who had a 32-game unbeaten streak last year, hurts the most. Not dreaming that a horseplayer of Chee-

vers' seriousness would ever leave a city offering the convenience of four race-tracks within an hour's drive, the Bruins permitted Atlanta to draft Danny Bouchard from their roster. Bouchard was the best young goalie outside the NHL last year, excluding, of course, Vladislav Tretiak. Now, barring an unlikely trade, Boston has only 36-year-old Eddie Johnston as a known quantity in the nets.

The condition of Orr's tender knees is another negative factor. Let's be frank—it has Bruin fans sick with fear. Orr had his fourth knee operation last June and his recovery has been unexpectedly slow. So slow, in fact, that he may not be able to play in the Orr fashion until Christmas. Although Dallas Smith, Carol Vadnais and Awrey are competent defensemen and Vadnais is a rushing threat, there is but one Orr.

When Phil Esposito slipped from 76

Orr's slow recovery from knee surgery has set off alarms in Boston, where he is revered.



The cutting edge of the Sabres attack is Gil Perreault.

to 66 goals, people were muttering slump. You and I should have such a slump. He will have his regular musclemen, Ken Hodge and Wayne Cashman, back and digging in the corners. Elbows high, of course. "Unless Orr and Esposito change their styles," says Coach Tom Johnson, "we should be the same type of team as before." The same type, yes. But hardly the same team. Still, there should be just enough Bruin left to beat New York.

One Boston player says, "The Rangers will be so busy reading *The Wall Street Journal* they won't have time to practice." Ain't necessarily so. Manager-Coach Emile Francis returns with practically the same lineup that finished second and then lost a gallant cup final to Boston, and when Emile barks, the Rangers jump. No other team can match the combination of Ed Giacomin and Gilles Villemure in goal. Bumptious Brad Park and Rod Seiling anchor a stout defense. The line of Vic Hadfield, Rod Gilbert and Jean Ratelle—they were the top line in the NHL with 50, 43 and 46 goals respectively—has spared the sweet rustle of WHA dollars for the greenbacks flashed by Francis. Each has signed a long-term \$175,000-a-year contract.

Francis still must find a respectable left wing for Center Wali Tkaczuk, who signed for \$125,000, and Right Wing

Bill Fairbairn, Pete Semkowski and Gene Carr, the apparent candidates, are natural centers who lack the discipline to restrict their activity to one side of the ice. But even if he doesn't find a left wing, the Rangers will never have a better chance to win the Stanley Cup that has eluded New York since 1940.

While Francis was learning the new economics of hockey, Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman was figuring how to beguile the Canadiens into a new masculinity. "My guys never got into shape last year," he said, "so instead of training in Montreal again, we decided to take them away." And away the Canadiens went to Nova Scotia for a week of Russian-style conditioning.

One week may not be a Russian make. The Canadiens are essentially a mystery team. Gone are the superstars; no fewer than five rookies are expected to

play regularly. Ever hear of Steve Shutt and

Chuck Arnason? Well, they are Montreal wings. Dave

Gardner and Larry Robinson? Starters both. Gardner and veteran Henri Richard are the only true centers on Bowman's roster. Last year Yvan Cournoyer somehow managed to score 47 goals with impostors centering for him, and center is still the problem. "Gardner will get the first shot," Bowman says. Defense-man Robinson, who is 6'1", 190 pounds and can play both sides, will try to replace All-Star J. C. Tremblay, who went to the WHA.

Bowman intends to reduce Goaltender Ken Dryden's work from last year's league-high of 64 games to about 50. "I thought Dryden was very tired at the end of the schedule and in the playoffs," the coach says. On defense, Serge Savard—hockey's unluckiest player—seems completely recovered from all his broken legs and cracked ankles. If so, he could become the leader the Canadiens lost when Jean Beliveau retired. Cournoyer and the Mahovlich brothers, Frank (43 goals) and Peter (35), are certain of jobs, but everything else, says Bowman, is a "mixed puzzle."

The liveliest battle in the East may be the struggle for fourth place—and the final playoff berth—between Detroit and Toronto. They share a dilemma: their No. 1 goaltenders last year (Detroit's Al Smith and Toronto's Bernie Parent) have been bought off by the

WHA. Detroit should be able to replace Smith adequately with Andy Brown or Gerry Gray, but Toronto will not be able to find another Parent. "I know that at my age I cannot play more than, oh, 30 games," says 43-year-old Jacques Plante, who was Parent's backup goalie in Toronto.

The Red Wings became a cohesive team last year when Ned Harkness moved his headquarters out of the dressing room and let a new coach, Johnny Wilson, handle the players. "Harkness just never understood us," one player says. Nevertheless, Harkness has been a shrewd general manager, getting Mickey Redmond (42 goals), Red Berenson (28) and Defense-man Ron Stackhouse in excellent trades and selecting Marcel Dionne No. 1 in the amateur draft against the advice of most old pros. The "too-small" Dionne scored 28 goals and led all rookies with 77 points. "We have a playoff club now," Harkness declares.

Besides Parent, Toronto lost Defense-men Brad Schwood and Ricky Ley and Center Jim Harrison, its only menacing forward, to the WHA. "I'm afraid we won't know how bad we are until we see the final death toll," says Brian Glennie, a defenseman who would rather fight than switch. The Leafs will be bad enough. Stopgap goaltenders are easy to find, but starting goalies of Parent's caliber are jewels. Because of the defective defense, creaky Bob Baun will have to take a regular turn again. All the Toronto forwards are relatively small and they tend to avoid the corners.

It will be a short season for the Vancouver Canucks, the Buffalo Sabres and the New York Islanders, since all three teams can expect to be out of the playoff race by about Nov. 1. Each has a new coach. Vic Stasiuk takes over at Vancouver, Joe Crozier steps in for Punch Imlach, now the general manager only, at Buffalo, and Phil Goyette teaches the rejects on Long Island.

Like Detroit and Toronto, Vancouver desperately needs a goaltender. The Canucks' two best defensemen, Jocelyn Guevremont and Dale Tallon, prefer to rush the puck rather than stop it, and most of the forwards prefer to stop it rather than rush it. "We've got to get things straightened out," Stasiuk says.

In Buffalo Punch Imlach seems to uncover a sensational rookie prospect every year, Gilbert Perreault was first, then came

Richard Martis, who scored 44 goals as a rookie last season. Imlach now has found a strong young defenseman—20-year-old Jim Schoenfeld, who played across the bridge at Niagara Falls a year ago. To help Schoenfeld get acquainted with the NHL, Imlach is paying 43-year-old Tim Horton more than \$100,000 as tutor-in-residence. Horton will help Goaltender Roger Crozier (no kin to Joe) keep what hair he has left by clearing away the loose pucks that Crozier's own men used to shoot past him. "Horton is the only major league defenseman Buffalo has ever had," Imlach says.

There is no press box in the Nassau Coliseum, where the Islanders will play their home games, and that figures: they will be so bad no one may want to read about them, anyway. Eight of the players selected by the Islanders in the expansion draft took one look and jumped to the WHA.

Eddie Westfall will be the one scoring threat. Top draft choice Billy Harris scored 70 goals in amateur hockey last year. Wait till this year. The defense is such that Goaltenders Gerry Desjardins and Denis DeJordy can forget about all those peaceful nights they spent on the bench in Chicago and Montreal last year. And Westfall can forget about drinking champagne from the Stanley Cup again. Unless the Islanders trade him back to—well—Boston.

CONTINUED

Enke Francis dreams of hat one thing non perhaps a could be his.



*Worsley and Montgo
are interchangeable
in Minnesota's goal.*



Hawks—and Doves

What's to be expected of a team that loses 33% of its attack, 66% of its inspiration and 99% of its charisma? Well, for one thing, a divisional title. Although Bobby Hull pocketed a contract worth \$3 million and jetted off to Winnipeg, Chicago, which would do well to finish fourth in the East, will win another title in the expansion West.

Replacing Hull, who scored 50 goals again last season, will be impossible, so Coach Billy Reay will not even try. Instead, he hopes to prod some of his less dazzling acemen into greater effort. As Dennis Hull, who has no illusions about filling his brother's various roles, puts it, "People will be looking at us and saying, 'Bobby carried you guys all these years; now see what you can do without him.' So we'll have to work our butts off."

Reay has another wrinkle or two in mind. Goalie Tony Esposito, who had the best average in the league last spring but then played a terrible Stanley Cup

series against New York, will work at least a dozen more games than last season's 48. "Tony needs work to stay sharp," Reay says. "We didn't give it to him." There also will be more protection up front for Stan Mikita, Pat Martin and Chico Maki as Jerry Korab, Darryl Maggs and Dan Maloney—three brawny, beat-'em-up types—move in as regular bodyguards.

Without Bobby Hull to worry about, Minnesota may be able to give Chicago some of the competition it has lacked the past two years. "The Black Hawks beat us by 21 points last season," says North Star Coach Jack Gordon. "Now we ought to find out how many points Hull was worth to them." Once again Gordon will rely heavily on the defensive savvy of his 10 senior citizens, ranging in age from 43-year-old Goal-tender Gump Worsley to 30-year-old Left Wing Jean-Paul Parise. The old men were primarily responsible for Minnesota's 2.44 goals-against average, the

second-best record in the NHL. However, to prevent a recurrence of the weary legs that ruined the North Stars in the playoffs, Gordon plans to utilize two 22-year-olds, Defenseman Fred Barret and Wing Buster Harvey, who had 41 goals at Cleveland.

Bill Goldsworthy shuffled to his third 30-plus goal season last year, but Center Jude Drouin (13 goals) and Wing Danny Grant (18) slumped miserably and must regain their scoring touch if the North Stars expect to make a race of it with the Black Hawks. If the attack remains weak, and if the old men grow weary again, then the North Stars will be hard pressed to stay ahead of the St. Louis Blues.

St. Louis needs only a top goaltender to complete the last rebuilding job it started less than 12 months ago. Jacques Caron, a minor league retiree, played well (2.52 goals-against in 28 games) after coming up from Denver, but Ernie Wakely jumped to Winnipeg.

In Barclay and Bob Flager, Moose Dupont, Noel Picard and Steve Durban, St. Louis will have the roughest, crudest defense in hockey, although Coach Al Arbour, a craftsman during his playing career, may yet be able to teach them some of the game's finer points. "Durban doesn't check the condition of the ice before a game," says one St. Louis player. "He checks the condition of the seat in the penalty box."

Garry Unger, who lives on a farm outside St. Louis and rides his two horses almost every day, gallops in off a 36-goal season to center the No. 1 line for Mike Murphy and Phil (The Enforcer) Roberto, neither of whom is shy about working the puck out of the corners. Top rookie Wayne Merrick may center another line, and there are plenty of scorers on the wings, including Gary Sabourin (28 goals) and Jack Egers (23). "We no longer are a sinking ship," says Captain Arbour.

The rest of the teams in the West—yes, even the Atlanta Flames—all have a chance at the final playoff spot. Philadelphia spent six months reliving the goal Buffalo's Gerry Meehan scored against the Flyers with only four seconds to play in the 1971-72 season. That one knocked the Flyers out of a playoff berth and let the Pittsburgh Penguins sneak in. "It was ridiculous," says Flyer Coach Fred Shero. "With 10 minutes to play in that game we were in

continued



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third place. With five seconds to play we were in fourth. And with four seconds to play we were dead."

Philadelphia has the same problems as always: 1) erratic goaltending, 2) a slow, bumbling defense and 3) too many forwards who have no idea what to do with the puck once they get it. But the Flyers also have the best player in the West, 23-year-old Center Bobby Clarke (35 goals, 46 assists). Last year Clarke had to work the power play, kill penalties and even center two lines at times, playing more than 30 minutes a game. "I'm afraid he'll have to do all those things again," Shero says. "Clarke's a one-man hockey team for us. He gets the puck and then does things with it. I refuse to think where we would be without him."

Pittsburgh has no stars, as usual, but again is blessed with a superior coach. Indeed, the unflappable Red Kelly seems to accomplish more with his very ordinary players than most coaches who have a topline or two. Kelly-coached teams have missed the playoffs only once in five years, but this season Red will find it difficult to repeat. Goaltender Jim Rutherford, who had a strong playoff series against the Black Hawks, needs a backup man, and the defense will miss Tim Horton's leadership, although second-year regular Dave Burrows could develop into an All-Star. The Penguin

offense is Syl Apps (15 goals, 44 assists) centering for Jean Pronovost and Greg Polis, both of whom scored 30 goals last year. What Pittsburgh needs is, well, Roberto Clemente and Willie Stargell.

In the real West, Los Angeles may have the most improved team in the NHL, but the Californians probably will get lost on a BART car somewhere between San Francisco and Oakland. Jack Kent Cooke and Charlie Finley both changed coaches again, Cooke for the sixth time in six L.A. years, Finley for the third time in three seasons up north. Bob Pulford, Cooke's latest coach, intends to introduce the Kings to defensive hockey—not a bad idea for a team that gave up 305 goals, the most in the league. Two former Canadiens, Goaltender Rogatien Vachon and Defenseman Terry Harper, will help considerably. Flashy Juha Widing (27 goals) and the aging but accomplished Ralph Backstrom (23) will provide some offensive punch.

Finley could not find anyone patient or sensible enough to tackle California's problems, so he gave the coaching job to his general manager, Garry Young. "The WHA has ripped the guts from our club," Young says. "We've lost six players, and we didn't have six players to lose." Or even one. Among the missing: top scorers Gerry Pinder, Bobby

Shoehan and Tom Webster and backup Goaltender Gary Kurt.

"Things were so bad in training camp," Young says, "that one day a player skated into me, knocked me down, cracked one of my ribs and shattered my watch." Although it is unlikely that the Seals will wreak similar destruction on any enemy, they do have three solid players left in Goalie Gilles Meloche, Defenseman Rick Smith and Center Ivan Boldirev, and a rookie center, Stan Weir of Medicine Hat, Alberta, is expected to play regularly.

There probably will be too many mornings in Atlanta this year when the headlines read BRUINS DOUSE FLAMES OF FLAMES FLAME OUT, but the division's newest expansion team might just do a little scorching here and there. Indeed, it could make the playoffs. In 23-year-old Phil Myre and 21-year-old Danny Bouchard Atlanta has a good young goaltending tandem. In General Manager Cliff Fletcher it has an ally of Montreal's Sammy Pollock, and Pollock always takes care of his friends when he disposes of the Canadiens' excess talent. Right, Minnesota? Finally, the Flames have Boom-Boom Geoffrion as their coach. Geoffrion, who claims he no longer suffers from the ulcer attacks that aborted his coaching career in New York, will extract top performance from his younger players, particularly the No. 1 amateur choice, Wing Jacques Richard, and two other French Canadians, Norm Gratton and Lucien Grenier. And Geoffrion's charm will be an asset when the losses begin to pile up. He already has the people on Peachtree Street talking French, and they have taught him their language. Geoffrion says to Northern friends, "Y'all come down and see me, heah?" Yes, my old one, any day now.

CONTINUED

His stick Bobby Clarke is the only oh-so-lovely star flying for the Flyers.





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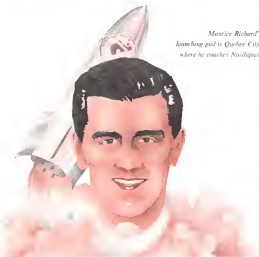
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Maurice Richard's
launching pad is Quebec City,
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Fans, the question is this: Do you want quality or parity in your hockey? Forget about having both. If you want quality, stick with the NHL—at least on those nights when the Bruins or Rangers or Canadiens or Black Hawks come to town. But if you want parity—you know, contests between teams of more or less equal inability—then switch to the WHA. Most games in the new league ought to resemble a Vancouver Canuck scrimmage, with scores like 10-8 and 9-7, which means the spectators should not be exposed to many of the 10-2 and 8-1 things played so often in the NHL. As Derek Sanderson of the Philadelphia Blazers says, "The WHA will be a demolition derby."

There are a number of things WHA fans can look forward to. For instance—assuming the judges let him play—Bobby Hull might score 120 goals, with, say, 12 in one game against the Los Angeles Sharks. Final score: Jets 19, Sharks 13. Some night Quebec City's J.C. Tremblay will introduce his famous side-straddle

semi-shuffle and become the first defenseman ever to play keep-away with the puck for 60 minutes. Another night Cleveland goaltender Gerry Cheevers will arrive late for a game in L.A. because he did not want to miss the last race at Hollywood Park. Sanderson will lose a face-off to some flat-topped kid from Saskatchewan and get mad enough to throw a lemon meringue pie at Coach Johnny McKenzie. "I think you'll find that the WHA will make hockey fun again for the players as well as the fans," Sanderson says with a dead-serious expression. "We're not going to have any stuffed shirts around here."

The best teams will be **Winnipeg** in the West and the New England Whalers in the East. According to Jet Coach Bobby Hull, Left Wing Bobby Hull will return to the electric style he displayed in Chicago before the Black Hawks forced him to become a back-checker. That is, Hull once again will be firing away at goalies from all angles. Taking no chances, Hull brought

along his playmaker from Chicago, Center Christian Bordeleau. Winnipeg will have the top goaltending in the West, with Ernie Wakely (ex-St. Louis) and Joe Daley (Detroit). On defense Bob Woytowich and Larry Hornung, regulars in the NHL last year, know their places, which means they rarely abandon their goaltender.

Rather than spend money it did not have for players such as Hull and Sanderson, **Minnesota** has filled its roster with local boys who made good and a few established but uncelebrated pros, including Wayne Connelly, Mike McMahon and Ted Hampson, who once played well for the rival North Stars. Goaltenders Mike Curran and Jack McCartan, both of whom starred for the United States in Olympic competition, Defenseman Dick Paradise and Forwards Mike Antonovich, Keith Christiansen, Bill Klatt and Frank Saunders all have Minnesota connections that the Fighting Saints hope will help lure paying spectators. "We don't have any stars," says Coach Glen Sonmor, who previously coached at the University of Minnesota, "but we will hold our own."

Houston signed 10 of its first 14 draft choices and 12 Aeros have NHL experience, including a rough defenseman, John Schella (Vancouver), and Center Gordon Labossiere (Minnesota). "We got more of our top choices than any other team in the league," brags Coach Bill Dineen. The Aeros seem strong through the middle, with Wayne Rutledge and Don McLeod, both out of the NHL, in goal; Schella, Larry Hale and Dung McCallum on defense and Labossiere and Brian McDonald at center ice. Schella will be the policeman. What the Aeros lack is scoring strength on the wings. Ted Taylor (Vancouver) may be the leading scorer, although he has been a defensive specialist heretofore.

Alberta will play in an Edmonton arena known as The Klondike Palace and, like Minnesota, will feature homebodies, including five former captains of the amateur Edmonton Oil Kings. Two of these, Defenseman Alan Hamilton and Center Eddie Joyal, were NHL regulars a year ago. The Oilers' best player and probably the most reckless skater in the league is Center Jim Harrison, another defector from Toronto. To help Goalies Jack Norris and Ken Brown, Coach Ray Kinsawich persuaded Glenn Hall, former net minder extraordinary for Chicago

continued

HOCKEY *continued*

and St. Louis, to become an assistant coach. But there is a scarcity of capable wings, and Kinasewich says, "All I expect of my young wingers is that they show up for the games on time and put on their equipment. Anything else will be a bonus." One certainty, the Oilers will lose money playing in their 5,200-seat arena. They anticipate a \$500,000 first-year deficit.

In Los Angeles the Sharks have a marketing director, a street-sales staff, a telephone-sales staff and a speakers' bureau, not to mention the stamp lickers who have mailed brochures to every man, woman and child between San Francisco and Mexico City. One other thing they have working for them is the guaranteed annual collapse of their local rivals, the NHL Kings. What the Sharks do not have, however, is many hockey players. Mike Byers, who was the Kings' best two seasons ago, is the Sharks' best now.

In Chicago, ruddy-faced Coach Marcel Pronovost will not see facsimiles of his old Detroit teammate Gordie Howe as he watches the Cougars thrash clumsily about. Empty seats probably will be their punishment.

In the East Division New England is a smorgasbord of NHL jumpers, U.S. Olympians and Boston University alum-

ni. General Manager and Coach Jack Kelley, who guided BU to the NCAA championship the last two years, has the strongest defense in the league, thanks to the NHL. Kelley lured Brad Selwood and Ricky Ley from Toronto, Jim Dorey from New York and Teddy Green from the Bruins, and rounded out his coup by getting Goaltender Al Smith from Detroit.

The Whalers' top scoring threats all have Boston backgrounds. Center Larry Pleau grew up in nearby Lynn before moving on to the Montreal Canadiens. Tommy Williams and Tom Webster were with the Bruins. Tim Sheehy, Kevin Ahearn and John Cuniff played for Boston College, and John Danby, Mike Hyndman and Toot Cahoon for Boston U. "I think the top college players can step right into pro hockey," Kelley says. "After all, hockey is still a game of passing and shooting, no matter where you play it." Yes, there is that.

The Whalers already have sold more than 8,000 season tickets for the 19 games they will play in Boston Garden, and they expect to sell out the 6,000-seat Boston Arena for their other 20 home games. So far they have not been able to clear April playoff dates for the larger Garden, but as one club official said, "If

the Bruins don't make the playoffs, we'll have our pick of dates."

By signing Bernie Parent, Derek Sanderson and Player-Coach Johnny McKenzie, Philadelphia bought more charisma than the town's NHL Flyers ever had. Unfortunately, that leaves the Blazers with a three-man team. "It will be a whole new bag for me," Sanderson says. "For years the people in Philly have booed me and spit at me. Now they're going to love me."

Although it was the last team to enter the WHA, Cleveland had a productive recruiting season. Besides netting Goaltender Cheevers from Boston—he already has purchased a home in suburban Rocky River—the Crusaders wooed Gerry Pinder, Paul Shyne and Gary Jarrett away from the Golden Seals and signed several solid minor league veterans, including Center Jim Wiste and Wing Grant Erickson. As one innovation for fans, the Crusaders intend to play eight doubleheaders in Cleveland. No, they will not play two games in one night; the minor league Cleveland Barons will open the program, then if the Crusaders will finish it.

To hear General Manager Marvin Milkes tell it, New York has signed 24 Bobby Orrs, 10 Bobby Hulls and six Ken Drydens—at least that is what it sounds like he is saying. The Raiders have signed Bobby Sheehan, Ron Ward, Alton White, Garry Peters, Jamie Kennedy, Norm Ferguson and Kent Douglas, which means they lack quality forwards and defensemen. They also need a capable goaltender. The battle between the Raiders and the New York Islanders for the title of Fan City's worst hockey team may be more exciting than following the Rangers.

Coach Maurice (Rocket) Richard and J. C. Tremblay will be magic names in Quebec City, but the Nordiques will hardly be a magic team. Most of their players have French connections—men like Rejean Garoux, Francois Lacombe and Pierre Roy—but only five had NHL connections. Too bad.

In the Canadian capital Ottawa has a Hull, too. He is Garry Hull, Bobby's little brother. But the Nationals possess no goaltender with experience, no defensemen with experience and only a few forwards, like Wayne Carleton and Guy Trotter, who know where the net is. They will be to the WHA what the Washington Senators were to baseball. **END**

These Whalers are glad that they have a strong Dorey.





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◆ That is, Sigmund Freud's grandson all decked out in racing silks and psyching up the horse he is going to ride at Lancaster's Haydock Park. **Clement Freud**, a writer and television personality sometimes called the Julia Child of England, had challenged Sir Hugh Fraser to a match over $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, with a side bet of £1,000. The scales came into the picture because gourmet Freud had to lose almost two stone to make the racing weight. Installed as a 4-to-9 favorite, he and his horse *Winter Fair* won by $2\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

Marlin Briscoe, traded from Buffalo to Miami, sees benefits other than a bigger paycheck. "Money, yes, but exposure, too. Howard Cosell never comes to Buffalo. He goes the opposite direction."

Ken (Hawk) Harrelson, erstwhile baseball slugger turned golf pro, who is now sometimes known as *Hook Harrelson*, still has a tongue with a sharp edge to it. "I've never seen a golfer with more potential ability than me."

Harrelson said "Golf can be an easy game. If you work hard enough you'll get to the point where you know you're going to hit it right. Now I've built a good swing by hitting about 500 balls a day. I have the potential to achieve a stature in golf that I never could have reached in baseball." Oddly enough, the Hawk delivered himself of these thoughts just before dropping out of last week's regional try-outs for the PGA rookies school with a 77-79-81.

Football is a game of funny bounces, and Texas Defensive Coach **Mike Campbell** thinks they're getting funnier. Offensive statistics have been increasing, Campbell says, and he knows why. "Runners hit the artificial turf when tackled and just keep bouncing along," he says. "Offense bounces go undetected. Each team makes 20 yards a game on bounces."

Anne Goodlad threw her javelin into the air, and where it landed—she knew not where. At least not for a tenth of a second or so. Then the javelin caused two explosions and a fire, and cut

off an entire housing development's electricity for two hours. Miss Goodlad's spirited throw had cut into a power line in Conisborough. "It was a bit embarrassing," one slightly shaken 17-year-old English girl javelinist said, "but the electricity board didn't seem to mind. They saw the funny side of it."

Ray May, the Baltimore Colt linebacker, can easily explain why he forsook baseball for football. "I hit .606 and .585 my junior and senior years in high school and thought I was on my way to the big leagues," May says. "I found out later that I had this little eye problem that made the ball blurry, but bigger, too. Once I started wearing glasses, I never could hit again."

Phoenix College Football Coach **Shanty Hogan** conducted his first "Fundamentals of Football for Women" seminar and found it a humbling experience. For 50 enrollees in the four-meeting class, Hogan step-by-step dressed a player completely (well, almost), explained positions and basics of the game and

then opened the session to questions. All prepared for queries on veer options and the I formation, Hogan was stumped on the first two questions asked: "Why is the football brown?" "Why do they call those lines 'hash marks'?"

Next year the San Diego Padres will move their Tri-Cities farm club to Walla Walla, Wash. Farm Director **Peter Basasi** has announced that the new manager there will be **Chuck Dittie**, *match*.

However directly they may be in competition in the Big Eight and for national running-back honors, Oklahoma's **Great Pruitt** and Nebraska's **Johnny Rodgers** are buddies, going back to last December, when they romped together in Miami and the Bahamas. Pruitt even wore a Nebraska T shirt given to him by Rodgers. "I'm going to give it back to him when we beat them—with the score on it," Pruitt said. Rodgers took that one in stride. "I also introduced Pruitt to a girl and he couldn't hold onto her," he said. "Nebraska women are too much for Oklahoma men."

◆ When the Redskins took on blonde, ponytailed **Valerie Osland** as an assistant coach, there were those who wondered whether it would work. But the players had no doubts—"She's smart, fast and pretty," one Redskin says—and the team, an entry of 9-year-olds in the Pop Warner League in Reno, has thrived. Nevada coed Valerie, in charge of defensive backs and ends, happened upon her expertise because her father, lacking sons, poured out his football knowledge to her, and she played powder-puff football in high school. "I was so nervous I couldn't eat the night before the first practice," she says, "but by the end of the week we were working together like brothers."





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Fresh breezes through a mausoleum

Ohio State fans have cheered for many outstanding runners in the 50-year history of massive Ohio Stadium, but none more exciting than Archie Griffin, a young freshman who last week had the old joint jumping

Somewhere back in the history of college football there was a stereotyped coach, complete with growl, biggy canvas pants, baseball cap and whistle around the neck who conjured up the myth that freshmen cannot play varsity ball because they are inexperienced and undeveloped. Innocently, the world has lived with that myth for quite a while, without questioning it, except during the periods of the Second World War and the Korean involvement. Freshmen cannot play. Not ready yet. That's it.

Well, here we all now sit in Ohio Sta-

dium, all 86,000 of us, right here on the banks of Woody Hayes' Olentangy River in Columbus, in utter and complete shock at the whirling, dashing sight of 18-year-old Archie Griffin, freshman tailback, three days in classes at Ohio State, who has just ripped off a record 239 yards inside a 50-year-old cement edifice that has seen the cleats of the very best. Archie Griffin has just spanned wicked runs of 35 yards and 32 yards and 22 yards and 20 yards and 11 yards and assorted runs of six and eight and nine yards. He has sneaked through tiny little holes in the line, and he has slid outside and tiptoed down sidelines. He has bumped into people from North Carolina and knocked them down. He has burst into the sunlight of the secondary and darted this way and that. He has scored a touchdown and set up other touchdowns and a field goal and won a game for the Buckeyes, the final score being 29-14.

This is essentially a fullback's ball park. Ohio Stadium belongs to all of those fellows from Woody Hayes' past who run a thing called the Robust-T and who send thunder into the minds of visitors. This is a place where the 86,000 are accustomed to watching gentlemen like Hubert Bobo and Will Sander and Bob White and Matt Snell and Bob Ferguson and Jim Otis and John Brockington go bang-crash-crunch into people while most of them are wondering why they keep coming out to see it and agree that they probably wouldn't if Woody's teams didn't always win much more than they lose.

But into this fullback's paradise, and in front of the roaring crowd, came this teen-ager last Saturday to break a 27-year-old Buckeye rushing record with astonishing ease, and break the Tar Heels along with it. As North Carolina's Bill Dooley said afterward, "We came here not even knowing Archie Griffin existed, and now you tell me he's a freshman!"

Griffin was most likely a happy surprise to Woody Hayes himself, although

Woody outfought Navy and Northwestern to recruit him last spring. Probably talked him into staying home during lunch one afternoon at Woody's favorite eatery, the Big Bear Supermarket.

Ohio State played an opening game two weeks prior to North Carolina, and in that 21-0 victory over Iowa, Archie Griffin, freshman, had appeared for only a moment. Toward the end. Now he's averaging 119.5 yards a game.

Anyone following Columbus high school football might have guessed on Friday evening that the weekend would belong to the Griffin family. James, who is a factory laborer, and his wife Margaret have eight children and live on Kenview Road, across town from the Ohio State campus. On Friday night in a smaller stadium and a smaller game, Ray Griffin, who is a high school junior, sped through the rain for touchdowns of 68, 19 and 16 yards, as Eastmoor High defeated Central High 30-14. So it would seem that Woody Hayes, as well as the football world, can look forward to seeing a lot of Griffins in the future. It would seem unthinkable now that Archie and Ray wouldn't want to play in the same Ohio State backfield.

Archie did not get in the North Carolina game last week until Ohio State trailed by 7-0, thanks to a blocked punt, and until starting Tailback Morris Bradshaw had shown he could not gain any yardage. Archie, who is only 5' 10" and weighs 185, came in, just an insignificant No. 45 on your program, a tailback in the Power-I that Woody runs when he isn't in the Robust-T.

First play, Archie Griffin goes outside for six yards. Second play, Archie goes inside for six yards. Another play, Archie goes inside for six more yards. Griffin got the call only once after that, so Ohio State stalled. Ah, but the next time. On first down, there went Archie wriggling, turning on the speed, 32 yards. Ohio State was finally untrucked.

A rare Hayes-ordered pass, from



NO. 45 GOES FOR SOME OF HIS 239

Quarterback Greg Hare to Rick Galbos, worked, and then it was Archie Griffin for six straight carries to what wound up being a field goal, mainly because Archie didn't carry anymore.

In the second quarter it was Griffin's 22-yard run that set up the go-ahead touchdown for Ohio State and a 9-7 lead at halftime. It was Archie's 20-yard squirm in the third quarter that got the Buckeyes started on the drive that made the score 16-7. And it was his dazzling 55-yard run later in the period that set up the score that made it 23-7. Game over, for all practical purposes.

Along about then it became obvious that Archie Griffin could break Otis Cline's 1945 single-game rushing record at Ohio State—229 yards—a record that past halfbacks like Vic Janowicz and Hopalong Cassidy (who had his own big day as a freshman, scoring three touchdowns) had not been able to approach. All he needed to do was be lucky enough for Woody to let him carry the ball in the fourth quarter. He was.

After an interception, Archie ripped for four, six, six, six more and finally nine yards, breaking two tackles, dancing on the sidelines, for his very own touchdown and the rushing record. He left the field to a standing ovation, and the announcement that the record was his.

"I don't know what it is that makes a player that good," Woody said later. "He's not big but he has power. He has speed but not great speed. He's just hard to catch. He has a natural knack of knowing what to do, where to run."

And then Woody talked about the new freshman rule. "Freshmen may revolutionize college football. They give you a bigger squad to work with. They can give your squad a vitality and an enthusiasm it might not have. Everybody is going to have those few who can play, the exceptional kids. Take Archie. All you have to do is hand him the ball."

Woody went on, "I have never known whether I was for or against the freshman rule until now. Archie has convinced me it's O.K."

Archie Griffin himself is a quiet lad, and certainly a little bewildered about the whole thing. Although he had been on the squad since training began, he never expected to become useful so quickly.

"It's all new," he said. "This is a big campus, and I don't even know my way around. I was lucky. I got in the game when the line was starting to open

up the holes. I just ran. That's all."

That was enough. And Griffin's presence threw a whole new perspective on this 1972 Ohio State team. It's a young team, still finding its way. Physically, it resembles those Rex Kern-Jack Tatum teams, only it appears to be even deeper. There's muscle in the line and abnormal speed everywhere else and Greg Hare, only a junior, looks like a running-throwing quarterback who can lead it.

There's not much in the way of Ohio State in the form of a schedule. The Buckeyes are 2-0 and, until they meet Michigan on Nov. 25, it's just so many North-westerns and Minnesotas. "We've got more depth and more potential than we've ever had," Woody said a couple of days before North Carolina showed up.

He went all through the depth that he had, and guess what? He never even mentioned Archie Griffin. But why should he? We all know you cannot depend on a freshman.

THE WEEK

By JOE JARES

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (2-0)
2. RICE (2-0-1)
3. ARKANSAS (2-1)

"We've waited three years for this game," said Texas Tech Coach Jim Carlen at a pep rally Friday night in Lubbock. "We're going to show those Longhorns what it's all about." Standard pep-rally bombast, of course, but the Red Raiders almost made it come true the next night. Before 52,187 fans, including Lyndon Johnson, Texas got a scare before going home a 25-20 winner, thanks mostly to its powerful blocking. "The difference was their offensive line," said Carlen. The defense wasn't bad, either, holding Tech's George Smith to 44 yards in nine carries and stifling just about everything else Tech tried except field goals. Don Grimes led a conference record by booting four, the longest from 37 yards out. The Raiders' only touchdown came on a pass with seven seconds left.

To avenge last year's one-point upset loss, Arkansas wanted to turn the Tulsa Golden Hurricane into a cool drill, but the Hogs were behind 20-14 after three quarters and

had not put on a good drive in nine possessions. Then Quarterback Joe Ferguson led an 80-yard touchdown march and freshman Mike Kirkland kicked the winning extra point. Furious at the officiating, Tulsa Coach Claude Gibson showed a referee twice after the game and had to be restrained. "As usual, I think the Razorbacks got an outstanding job from the officials," Gibson said. In a battle between Nebraska victims, Army upset Texas A&M 24-14, helped by a rash of penalties, interceptions and fumbles.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (2-1)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (3-1)
3. NAVY (2-1)

The largest home crowd in Penn State history, 58,065 potential cardiac arrests, saw the shaky Lions put on another of their scary finishes. Trailing underdog Iowa 10-7 with 3:01 remaining, Penn State put the ball in play on its own 20 after a Hawkeye kickoff. Nine plays later, with only 36 seconds left, Quarterback John Huftnagel dropped back to pass. Under a heavy rush he lost sight of Receiver Dan Natale, started to sprint outside, then found Natale all alone in a corner of the end zone and hit him with a 10-yard pass for the winning touchdown. "It was well executed," said Iowa Coach Frank Lauterbur. "We had man-to-man coverage and when Huftnagel started to run, we just lost Natale on the outside." The game marked the third straight time Penn State has been scoreless in the first half.

"We didn't even score against the scrubs during the week," joked Navy Coach Rick Forzano, but the Midlens did far better than that in Annapolis Saturday, beating Boston College 27-20 before a rain-dampened homecoming crowd. Navy's kicking game was excellent. Roger Lanning had 33- and 39-yard field goals and John Seufftbeem saw three of his punts roll dead inside the BC six-yard line. While BC's Phil Bennett was being held to 64 yards in 20 carries, Navy's Dan Howard rushed for 239 yards and scored two touchdowns.

In the Ivy League, Penn played at home under lights for the first time and made a party of it, smashing Lafayette 55-12. It was the most points scored by the Quakers since 1947. Columbia played a New York City opponent for the first time in 47 years, rolling over Fordham 44-0. Dartmouth beat New Hampshire 24-14. Cornell beat Colgate 37-7 and Princeton edged Rutgers 7-6 in the last minute. Harvard and Brown lost to Yankee Conference teams Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

continued

Bates College of Maine earned itself an unwanted place in the record books by losing its 23rd consecutive game, this time to Tufts 20-7. Bates won its first three games in 1969 but dropped the next five that year and has gone winless since. The old New England record was held by the Coast Guard Academy. Maryland drove to the Syracuse three with less than a minute left, but the Terriers had no Hefregal and could not score. Syracuse held on to win 16-12.

MIDWEST

1. OKLAHOMA (3-0)
2. OHIO STATE (2-0)
3. NOTRE DAME (2-0)

First-string Quarterback Ken Johnson saw only limited action because of the death of his father earlier in the week, but it is doubtful if anything could have helped Colorado in Stillwater on Saturday. The Oklahoma State Cowboys, one-point losers to Arkansas the previous week and all but forgotten in their own state, took a 21-0 lead in the first half and went on to beat the Buffaloes 31-6. JC transfer Alton Gerard, who didn't start, scored three touchdowns and Quarterback Brent Blackman did a nice job of directing the Wishbone attack in the Big Eight opener for both teams. When a three-touchdown favorite loses by 25 points, excuses are meaningless and Colorado Coach Eddie Crowder didn't try to peddle any. "OSU is for real," he said. Answered OSU Coach Dave Smith, "We did a lot of things and we did them good."

One of the good things was stopping Colorado's runners, including Charlie Davis, for most of the game. Colorado fumbled 10 times to Oklahoma State's one. Davis finally got going—or his line started blocking—in the third quarter and his runs were the big factor in the Buffs' lone scoring drive.

In Lincoln a record crowd of 76,217 was entertained by the antics of Nebraska and its star Johnny Rodgers. The Commissioners rolled over Minnesota 49-0 and fleet Johnny got a pair of touchdowns, one on a 64-yard punt return. He enjoyed it so much that he strutted the last 10 yards backward. Later he admitted he had planned it. "I decided I'd do it on my first punt return [for a score] this year. I wanted to do something different and I couldn't think of anyone ever doing that." There are many things Rodgers has done that nobody has done before, at least nobody at Nebraska. His two scores made him the school's all-time touchdown producer (35 in three seasons), his seven catches made him the first Big Eight player to pass 2,000 yards on pass receptions and his 12 points put him just one

short of the school career record set by Bobby Reynolds 20 years ago.

Sophomore Tom Clements, who was unspectacular as a passer in Notre Dame's opener, hit 17 of 24, including scoring passes of 39 and 62 yards, as the Fighting Irish beat Purdue 35-14. When Clements wasn't passing or running himself, he was handing off to another sophomore, Eric Penick, who gained 133 yards in 12 carries, despite sitting out about 20 minutes because of a minor injury. Greg Marx, Steve Nicholas and the rest of the Irish defense chased Purdue Quarterback Gary Darnold all afternoon.

The nation's sixth- and seventh-ranking passers, Florida State's Gary Huff and Kansas' David Jaynes, duelled at Lawrence, and the two of them flung a total of 75 passes. Huff's flings were more effective in a 44-22 win for the unbeaten Seminoles. He had four touchdown passes in the first half. Kansas dominated only at the start when sophomore Flanker Ken Saathoff, a fine-air major who keeps a piano in his room, sang *The Star-Spangled Banner* with the band, then went out and caught a pass for a 34-yard gain.

Michigan was worried about its ailing defense, but two quick, alert plays by Wolverine defenders broke open the game against Tulane. Randy Logan intercepted a pass and ran it back 32 yards for a touchdown. Then sophomore Gil Chapman ripped 49 yards with a punt for the third TD of the first quarter and Michigan could have waited the rest of the way. The Wolverines won 41-7 and Ed Shultsworth ran for three touchdowns. Coach Bob Schombocker gave out with the kind of statistic all coaches love: "We've won three games because we've turned the ball over only once on a fumble or interception."

Oklahoma continued its stampede, overwhelming Clemson 52-3 as Greg Pruitt ran for three touchdowns. The Sooners have yet to give up a touchdown themselves in three games, and now they have two weeks to get ready for the renewal of the rivalry with Texas in Dallas. Missouri and Cal bailed in a strange game featuring second-stringers. Cal Quarterback Jay Cruise took over for sophomore Steve Bartkowski late in the second quarter and almost won the game for the Bears by passing for four TDs and 354 yards. But the Tigers had a bench, too. Sophomore Ray Bybee, in there because the regular fullback was hurt, rushed for 185 yards, and sub Chuck Link scored three touchdowns as Missouri won 34-27.

Tokido lost its first Mid-American Conference game in three years, 38-22, to Ohio U. Ohio's Tim Warner ran for 252 yards. San Diego State stayed undefeated by beating Kent State 14-0, the second-straight shut-out for the Aztecs. Kansas State beat previously unbeaten Tampa 31-7, and Cincinnati beat Villanova 14-7.

SOUTH

1. LSU (3-0)
2. ALABAMA (3-0)
3. AUBURN (3-0)

Auburn threw only four passes against Tennessee, completing one for 10 yards, which is not much from the school that gave us Pat Sullivan-to-Terry Beasley as a steady Saturday diet. But the Tigers knew what they were doing. They stuck to a sound running game and good kicking, forced the Volunteers to commit four turnovers and shocked Tennessee with the South's first big upset of the season 10-6. On Auburn's grinding 81-yard touchdown drive, senior Tailback Terry Henley ran the ball on 11 of the 15 plays, the last 10 in a row. Gardner Jett kicked a field goal from the 30-yard line after Defensive End Danny Sarrapere recovered a fumble, and with that 10-0 lead the Tigers turned even more conservative and held on. Said Auburn Coach Shug Jordan, "After we took the ball and rammed it down their throats on our touchdown drive, we were determined that from then on Tennessee would have to beat us. We weren't going to beat ourselves."

"A lot of people didn't think we could win after losing Sullivan and Beasley, so I guess we'll just have to whip everybody and show them," said Henley, now the SEC's leading rusher. "We're one big happy family. We live together, eat together and sleep together and we're gonna win together."

LSU's swarming defense frustrated Wisconsin and made Rufus (Roadrunner) Ferguson think he was knee-deep in a bog as the Tigers won their third straight home game 27-7. Wisconsin converted only two of its 13 third downs in the game, and Ferguson, who got two TDs against LSU last year, gained only 63 yards in 17 carries. Except for one long touchdown-pass play, Wisconsin never got past its own 36 in the second half. Quarterbacks Bert Jones and Paul Lyons each threw for LSU touchdowns, and a non-scholarship player, Juan Roa, kicked a school-record 52-yard field goal, the first one he had tried from any distance in college football.

Alabama stomped on Vanderbilt as usual 48-21, but Coach Bear Bryant was not overjoyed, also as usual. "I don't know how good we are," he said. "We don't have a good team yet. We do too many things poorly. We're not aggressive and we're terrible on kick coverage." The Tide's Wishbone, run by Quarterback Terry Davis for only two periods, rolled out 369 yards on the ground, with 11 different backs sharing in the yardage.

Undefeated Rice, perhaps miffed that it had been made a 10-point underdog to once-beaten Georgia Tech, seemed to be in fine

continued



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shape when Mark Williams locked a 47-yard field goal with 6:43 remaining. The kick gave the Owls an eight-point lead, 36-28. But they had not been able to stop Georgia Tech Quarterback Eddie McAshan all day and they couldn't at the end. The senior signal caller from Gainesville, Fla. put the Engineers on the scoreboard again with his fifth touchdown pass of the day and then, with 17 seconds left, hit Jim Owens for a two-point conversion and a tie, 36-36. Tech's final scoring drive, helped by a pass interference penalty, covered 61 yards in seven plays. McAshan ended the day with 21 completions in 38 attempts for 371 yards. He now had 24 career TD passes, breaking the record held since 1946 by Frank Broyles, now head coach at Arkansas. The finish hardly pleased Rice Coach Al Conover, who felt the interference penalty was "a rotten call." Not only that but he tried to break up an end-of-game fight and came out of the scuffle with a split lip.

Horace King became the first black ever to score a touchdown for Georgia in the Bulldogs' 28-22 win over North Carolina State in Athens. His catch during another drive was a key play leading to a TD. In Blacksburg, the Starock brothers, Don and Dave, led Virginia Tech to a 13-10 intersec-tional win over SMU and the Gobblers' first victory in three games. Don threw a TD pass and Dave kicked two field goals. Sophomore Nat Moore ran for two touchdowns and had a 95-yard kickoff return called back be-cause of a penalty in Florida's 28-13 win over Mississippi State. Duke won its first game in four tries, whipping ACC rival Vir-ginia 37-13, and South Carolina also made it to the winner's circle for the first time in 1972, beating Memphis State 34-7.

Face-mask penalties, fumbles and other such nonsense marred Indiana's 35-34 win over Kentucky in Lexington, but there were some good performances. Glenn Scolnik caught three touchdown passes for the Hoosiers, and Chris Gartner twice broke the Indiana school record for field-goal distance, first 51 yards, then 52.

WEST

1. USC (4-0)
2. WASHINGTON (4-0)
3. STANFORD (3-0)

Wyoming had given up 97 points to Air Force and Kansas, so when Woody Green and his Arizona State teammates arrived in Laramie the predictions were for a massacre, or worse. ASU was after its fourth straight Western Athletic Conference championship and it seemed the Cowboys might as well forfeit and save some hospital bills.

But they chose to play instead and amazed their fans and themselves by beating the Sun Devils 45-43 in what was probably the biggest upset in the 11-year history of the wacky WAC. The chief engineer was Steve Cockroham, a 169-pound quarterback from Lusk, Wyo., whose passing and running accounted for 280 yards and four TDs. Green was all he was supposed to be for ASU, running for four touchdowns and nearly 200 yards in a game that seemed to ignore defense as well as reason. "Give Wyoming credit, they deserved the win," saidirate ASU Coach Frank Kush. "As coaches, we had a lowly job preparing our guys for this game."

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

BACK OF THE WEEK: Wyoming Quarterback Steve Cockerham, a 169-pounder from Lusk, Wyo., led the charge against favored Arizona State with 177 yards in 37 carries, five of 13 passes for 103 yards and four touchdowns.

LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK: Defensive End James Sims of USC, who is a junior-college transfer, cracked Michigan State's Wishbone. He made five unassisted tackles, helped on six others, recovered two fumbles and deflected a pass.

"You must remember when one team is hitting another team like we were hitting Michigan State—from all angles and all sides—they are going to cough up the football," said USC Coach John McKay. Cough the Spartans did—five times, plus three interceptions—and USC blitzed Michigan State 51-6. "We beat a good team," McKay insisted. "And we played a great defensive game, maybe the best defense in a long time."

UCLA pounded Oregon 65-20 and riled Duck Coach Dick Enright even more by trying two onside kicks after accumulating more than 50 points. Enright said Bruin Kicker Efran Herrera came up to him on the field afterward and apologized. "He said he was told by the coaches to kick them," said Enright, "but he didn't want to." UCLA Coach Pepper Rodgers admitted one was a flubbed kick and the other a squab that didn't squab. No apologies were needed for the fine play by Defensive End Fred McNeill (seven unassisted tackles and a blocked field-goal attempt).

Sonny Seckler had a good game despite three interceptions and quarterbacked Washington to a 31-11 victory over Illinois. The Huskies got ahead 17-0 and used subs regularly in the second half. Stanford set up the first Pacific Eight game of the season by holding off previously unbeaten West Virginia, 41-35. This week Stanford hosts USC.

END



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The Swiss to the swiftest

The country's finest racers met in California to have a go at some records. By the end, smashed marks were strewn all over the place

It was a congress of incongruities. The lush vineyards and plum orchards of Alexander Valley, 85 miles north of San Francisco, were muted in drizzle and overcast and it took the racers in their orange, green and blue warmup suits to provide the missing color. The event, the four-day Italian Swiss Colony 100, the title itself seemed a misnomer—was made possible by the backing (over \$20,000 worth) of Heublein, Inc., the makers of mixed cocktails, which is not exactly every racer's idea of the stuff to train on. And the races? Well, they weren't races, really, they were time trials, among amateurs who ultimately rode off into the sunset with \$6,200 in gift certificates in their pockets for pedaling against the clock. But if anybody worried over these seeming contradictions, he was as quiet as the spectators—there were about two. For last week, in California, U.S. amateur bicycle racing, a sport with the finan-

cial brakes on despite the bike boom, finally started freewheeling.

These were the first comprehensive time trials ever held in this country. For want of money, the 52-year-old Amateur Bicycle League of America had never been able to conduct trials that covered so many distances for so many combinations of racers—four-man teams, two-man teams, single riders and tandems—and standing on the league's skimpy books were only seven time-trial records.

Now 35 hand-picked racers were gathered to change all that. They came from around the country and included college graduates, carpenters, bike-shop repairmen, a cab driver, a cook and a soldier. Among them were four members of the 1972 Olympic team and a gallant airline pilot, Lindsay Crawford, who failed in his ride against the clock for 24 hours but did shatter two league records during the 14 hours and some min-

utes he struggled through the rain. They were a strange breed of dedicated, durable and highly competitive athletes going flat out on \$500 bikes with classic names like Cuneo, Masi and Pogliaghi, and in the end they had wiped out five of the seven and added 88 records for their countrymen to go after.

"Finally," said Trial Director Ralph Heims, "we have a national yardstick for every distance. A racer in any part of the U.S. will be able to test his ability against the best performances of the top cyclists."

To provide the purest measurement of their real speed, the racers were separated by one- or two-minute intervals. This prevented them from interfering with one another or from coasting along in the vacuum created by a rider just ahead. The course was roughly rectangular, consisting of four jutting roads with a measured distance of exactly 5.852 miles. It did have six sharp turns, but except for three gentle rises, it was flat. Even so, these were subject to the finickiest kind of calculations by the record-hungry riders, who also measured the angle of every turn. Some drilled holes in their expensive bikes to lessen the weight, some shaved the hair off their arms and legs to make repairs on the skinned areas easier and gentler after the inevitable falls and abrasions. All experimented with high-energy diets to sustain their stamina.

The most exciting of the trials was the assault by John Howard, Rick Ball and Mike Neel on the 25-mile record—58:08—set in 1965 by William Kund of Riverside, Calif. Howard and Ball were on the Olympic team in Munich and Neel would have been had he not decided he would get more experience racing on the European amateur circuit. Considered this country's best racer, Howard has done most of his training in the Army, where he is a Pfc. He is a gangling fellow with deep-set eyes and a jaw that slices forward like a half moon. He spent a restless night before the race, sometimes mumbling, "I've got to beat Bull."

Bull, who is studying for a master's degree in mathematics, is a perfectionist. He was inspired to start bicycle racing after a European cyclist almost overtook him while he was chugging through the Alps on a low-powered motorcycle. The night before the 25-mile trial, he put himself to sleep calculating the gear settings

HOWARD GOT THE MESSAGE WRONG BUT SET THE RECORD RIGHT—BY THREE MINUTES



for different gradients of the course and the pace he would follow. Neel, at 21 the youngest of the three, went quickly to sleep after downing an enormous spaghetti and meatball dinner.

The three racers got away at one-minute intervals. Their bodies were all but flattened over the handlebars to cut the wind resistance as their legs drove into the pedals. It was a close race, with Ball and Howard in the lead and Neel trailing slightly. After they had made nearly four laps of the almost six-mile course, Howard's wife Kim startled the still air by shouting to her husband, "You're 50 seconds ahead!" Howard, holding a furious pace, misunderstood. He thought he was 50 seconds behind and drove even harder to the finish. There, to his surprise and relief, he learned that he had won in 55:16.1. Ball clocked in at 56:43.1 but kept rolling to complete one hour on the road and got a league record of his own, 26.52 miles for the hour. Neel finished 11 seconds shy of Kund's old mark.

On Oct. 11, 1914 at Grant City, N.Y. one Berthold Baker cycled a measured mile in 2:08. In the almost 58 years since, no American was able to cover the distance any faster until sprinter Skip Cutting had a go at it in Alexander Valley. A member of the 1968 Olympic team and winner of some 47 bicycle sprint events in Europe this summer, Cutting is a big, barrel-chested man with an appetite to win that is as big as his thighs. At the starting line, while birds chirped in the background, Cutting took a few deep breaths and then exploded on the pedals of his 18-pound LeMond.

According to ABL of A rules, he had to make two runs, one in each direction with a half-hour rest between. His time would be the average of the two runs. On the first, Cutting's time was 2:02. While he was resting, a young Olympian named Ron Skarin made his first run in 2:10.4. Skarin rested briefly, then made the reverse run on an almost imperceptible downgrade in 2:04.3. The average of those two runs put Skarin six-tenths of a second under the old record. What was more important, Skarin had picked up nearly six seconds on his second try. Should Cutting do as well he would come up with an average of under two minutes. As it turned out, Cutting's second run was 2:03.1. It was not enough to break the two-minute barrier but it gave him 2:02.6, well below the record.

Equally impressive was the 100-kilometer time trial for a four-man team. The four riders glide along in a close line with the lead man doing the hard work breaking the wind. Every 10 or 20 seconds the lead pulls to the side and lets the other three slide past him. He falls into line as the No. 4 man and rests in the vacuum created by the three cyclists ahead of him. A four-man team can easily outrun a single racer and can maintain a high speed over very long distances.

Ball, Howard and Skarin, all of whom rode together in the event at Munich, teamed with Neel, taking the place of the fourth Olympian, Wayne Setzina, who could not make it to Alexander Valley. The team rolled well and its 2:18:43.7 beat, by more than 5¼ minutes, the former U.S. record set at the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome. The time might well have been better but Neel fell out near the end, "I'm blown out . . . exhausted and hungry," he said. Fortunately for the others, under racing rules only three of the four riders need finish in a four-man team event.

Exhausted but hard to blow out was Crawford, the United Air Lines pilot whose long-distance performance, measured in terms of endurance and will-power, was easily the trials' outstanding achievement. A tall, modest man of 32, married and the father of two small children, Crawford somehow got it in his head that he wanted to race the clock for 24 hours nonstop. "Nobody had done it before in the United States, and I felt confident I could do it," he said.

The 24-hour event has been attempted both in Great Britain and Australia, where riders have exceeded 500 miles. But it is doubtful that they rode through the run on a closed course, as Crawford did. He started out at nine o'clock one morning under threatening gray skies. He turned the first lap of the course at a speed of 22.7 miles an hour, a good clip considering he had 24 hours in the saddle to go.

Then the rain started, a soft drizzle at first, harder later. Crawford's speed fell off. The road was slick and he had to take it easy on the curves. He turned the ninth lap at 17.26 mph. It became cold. Crawford was drenched. But he kept going and he picked up speed as night fell. Shortly after 11 p.m. a rifle-shot sound split the air. It was Crawford's rear tire. Two young racers in an

continued



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CYCLING *continued*

escort track changed the wheel and Crawford got going again. But his muscles had stiffened during that brief interruption. He continued a short distance and rolled to a stop. "I'm afraid this is it," he said.

Crawford had been riding 14 hours, 23 minutes. He had covered 274 miles and, until very near the end, he had maintained an average of 20 miles an hour. Pat LaPorte, one of the young racers who helped change the wheel, called Crawford's attempt "a totally irrational performance. Fantastic."

Maybe not fantastic, but awfully good. When Crawford's marathon ride was checked against the league books, it was discovered that the man from United, unfriendly skies and all, had clipped more than three minutes from the record for 90 miles (4:23:58) set in 1929 at Paterson, N.J. by Albert Marquart. He had also broken Joseph Kopsky's mark for 150 miles that had stood since 1912. Crawford's time was 7:14:13.1.

But that is the way things went through all four days of the trials. There was Ed Delano, a 67-year-old racer known as Foxy Grandpa, grinding out 107 miles in six hours through the rain and complaining afterward, "Makes me moulder 'n hell, my average was 17.995 miles an hour. I wanted to hit 18."

And then there was Clara Teyssier, the 16-year-old women's 3,000-meter pursuit champion, sprinting one mile in 2:20.95. That was just 5/100ths of a second off the women's ABL of A track record, although the Alexander Valley Road is not nearly as fast as a track.

There is no point in listing all 88 new records. The real point is that they are there now to be challenged. And they will be if the bicycle league can find more support of the Heublein kind. "We need more competitors," Trials Director Heins said. "And we need more money. Last year, just to stage the eight-day Tour of California cost us \$35,000. We should be able to send teams to Europe and elsewhere just as the U.S. Ski Association does. The top racers need coaching and competition and they will drift off to Europe if we can't do anything for them here."

Well, drink up, Mr. Heins, perhaps help is on the way. Certainly nothing is too good for a small band of athletes who can set records the way the old ABL of A's best did up there in wine country last week.

END

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BOXING / Dan Levin

Before the shower, deluge

Ron Lyle, once convicted of killing a man, rained his combinations on the bulbous form of Buster Mathis to become a serious contender himself

ager and an interested observer, did compliment Lyle on his punching power. Mathis was his 15th knockout in 17 professional fights (the other two he won on points).

When asked about Frazier, Lyle said, "When I'm ready, I'm not taking any shortcuts." Before the match with Mathis, some had thought it was a shortcut, and a risky one at that. More than two months had passed since Lyle, fighting every month for almost two years, had fought last. Although he couldn't afford a loss, Lyle did need the work. He had no time to waste. Seven and a half years in jail was more than enough time out of a career for a 28-year-old man whose plans include being heavyweight champion of the world.

A decade ago Ron Lyle was a strong kid whose favorite sport was hanging out on street corners. Trouble was around every one of them, and inevitably it was Lyle's turn, someone chased him with a pipe and he borrowed a pistol, "just to scare the guy," he says, but a fatal shot was fired. The verdict was second-degree murder, the sentence 15 to 25 years in the Colorado State Penitentiary at Canon City, and Lyle's life seemed over at the start.

He was a bitter youngster, and, as an outlet for his hostilities, he threw himself into sports with the Canon City Rockbusters. They played college and semipro teams, and Lyle, who is 6'3½" tall and weighs 216 pounds, batted .400 as a catcher, averaged 23 points a game in basketball, threw 70-yard touchdown passes and kicked 50-yard field goals. He told the prison recreation director, Clifford Mattax, who tried to befriend him, "Man, you're a screw and I'm a convict. I came here by myself and I'll leave the same way."

Lyle trusted no one and kept to himself, but in prison there was no way to avoid trouble. When an inmate started pestering him, he suggested they meet in private, and Lyle wound up with a knife in his stomach. He lost 35 pounds

of blood, and he was on the operating table for 7½ hours. Twice he was clinically dead. When he awoke finally, there was Mattax at his bedside asking how he felt. Lyle began to cry.

"It was the turning point of my life," Lyle says now. "Mattax was white, and he wore a badge, but he really cared. He believed in me and my ability. Right then I decided to be a success."

Mattax says: "I don't like to take any credit for what happened, but Ron turned into a real gentleman."

Ron Lyle had never done any boxing, but as he got stronger he began to train. He watched the TV bouts and said, "I can do better than that," and soon the prison was bringing in boxers for him to fight. By 1969 Lyle was eligible for parole, but twice he was turned down. A professional boxing career was not a suitable parole plan, he was told. Fortunately his fame had spread to Denver, where the Denver Rocks had just joined the now defunct International Boxing League. Bill Daniels, sponsor of the Rocks, offered Lyle a job as a welder with a firm he owned, and on Nov. 9, 1969 Lyle was paroled. Next morning he was trying out with the Rocks. He made the team, and in the succeeding 15 months, before turning pro, he won the North American, IBL and National AAU championships. His amateur record was 29-4.

Daniels says today, "We've got a fighter here who doesn't drink, doesn't smoke and doesn't swear." They also have a fighter who is something of a community phenomenon. This year Lyle was chairman of the 1972 Colorado March of Dimes Walkathon, which drew the biggest response in its history. He works with a group called Pardners, in which adults take on problem kids, and a friend says, "He's their honorary God."

Last week Lyle said, "I have no plans for defeat. I'm gonna win the championship, and when I do I'll help the kids."

Who will help Buster Mathis? **END**

Buster Mathis was weeping, his face buried in a towel, hidden from a world that had never been kind to him. He had just been knocked out for the second time in his sad career, beaten in two dismal rounds by an ex-convict named Ron Lyle, and he was all but finished as a heavyweight contender. He had blown another big one.

Always, Mathis had lost to more fortunate men. Joe Frazier, for example, the champion, and Jerry Quarry, whose family never quit on him, and Ali, who beat him in a patty-cake charade. But Buster had to fight. There was nothing else he knew how to do, so he arranged to meet Lyle. His other losses had been all but preordained. Sad Sack never beats Superman in real life, but now he needed a win, and everyone outside of Denver was sure he would get it.

In Denver, though, Ron Lyle is a living monument to the perfectibility of man, perhaps deservedly so. Among Denverites, he can do no wrong, and it is a foregone conclusion that Frazier's days as champion are numbered. All they saw at the Denver Coliseum was the three-punch combination that put Mathis away. No one wondered aloud where the Mathis who fought Frazier was, that dancing, jabbing elephant of a man. No one remarked on Lyle's flat-footed approach either, or his limited use of the jab, but Yancey Durham, Frazier's man-

7 cars for 7 brothers.

Wyatt paints Mother Nature. To carry his paints and canvases around with him, he needed a car with a large trunk. The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. This amazed Wyatt since the Audi is much shorter than the Lincoln.

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Since Edgar has a big family

(a boy, a girl, a wife, and a mother-in-law who likes to go for rides), he needed a car with lots of room. The Audi has just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. (Edgar sees a lot more of his mother-in-law now.)

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Fishing, camping and taming the rapids are Duke's way of life. He wanted a car that could handle mountain roads and get him up to

his cabin comfortably. Because the Audi has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, Duke gets peace of mind as well as peace of body.

Meet Geoffrey the banker. To impress his associates, he wanted a car with a plush interior. Since the Audi's interior bears such an uncanny resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, Geoffrey is now a Senior Vice-President.

Nothing pleases Lance more than pleasing women. He knows the fuss they make over racing car drivers. He also knows the Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. (Ursula is now in seventh heaven.)



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Ho hum, a Super Bowl win every other week

It is about that often that Stanley Dancer's trotter takes another prize, but no one seems very excited, even when it is a triple crown race

Next to the thoroughbred set, the harness horse folks are an unpretentious bunch. Oh, sure, they have their triple crown, but so far no one has got around to capitalizing the 1 and the 2. Shucks, the Hambletonian is a nice little race, Wilbur, but like the pie contest and the cattle judging, it's still only a piece of the DuQuoin State Fair. And so last Friday night they matched three truly superhorses in the second leg of their trotting triple crown, the \$93,097.50 Yonkers Futurity, and it was a nice little Fifth Race. They didn't even roll a small drum. With an equivalent Triple Crown field, Belmont would have fired rockets. At the Goodyear blimp.

But then, to get the equivalent, Belmont would have needed, say, a Citation, a Native Dancer and a Regret. Check this lineup that went to the post at Yonkers:

Super Bowl, winner of 32 races including the Hambletonian in world-record time for a mile track, of \$459,492 and just syndicated for \$1 million.

Songcan, winner of 19 and \$223,970. A couple of weeks ago the Nevele Acres-Don Hy Stables colt set the world record for a half-mile track.

And Delmonica Hanover, winner of 30 races and \$242,743 and unofficially the fastest trotting filly or mare ever. But in harness racing you must win before you can pick up a record. Delmonica Hanover was unfortunate enough to go under the old records while finishing second to Super Bowl in the Hambletonian. That day her combined time in the two heats was three seconds under the established record for trotters of her sex.

Anybody excited?

"A bout what?" yawned Stanley Dancer five minutes before climbing into Super Bowl's sulky. Then the slender little multimillionaire grinned and held out his gloves. They were split on both thumbs and a couple of fingers. "I guess I better have Rachel check our bag to see if I can afford a new pair," he said. Two years ago Dancer bought Super Bowl for his wife Rachel and for Mrs. Hilda Silverstein. For \$20,000. "Pretty fair return," Dancer chirped.

Across the narrow dirt ramp leading from the paddock to the Yonkers track Del Miller, in his usual blasé manner, was eating small cubes of chocolate candy and mumbling about the weather.

He was driving Delmonica Hanover, but he wasn't giving his filly much of a chance. "We'll go for a ride," he said idly. "Those other two horses are just too good."

A little while before, Miller and George Sholty, the driver of Songcan, had flown in from Lexington, where they had been racing stock. But on the way their Learjet had stopped in North Philadelphia. "We were dropping off a friend," said Miller. "When we got over the airport, there was a blimp drifting around, and the tower told us we had to wait until they got the thing moored. We just kept circling. And when we finally got here the fog was thick. It was a hairy landing."

Also, a late landing. Sholty missed a drive in the third race. "I got to the paddock just as the race went off," he growled. Finally, with Dancer's gloves unmended, Miller's chocolate gone and Sholty still upset over the elements, they got around to the Futurity. In the clubhouse Ben Slutsky, one of the owners of Nevele Acres, warmed up for the classic by booking an unknown German singer into the Nevele Hotel in Ellenville, N.Y. "Her name is Hannelore Gray and she's a 'decadent' cabaret singer," said Joey Goldstein, one of Miss Gray's agents. "She'll soon be on her way from Munich." "Great," said Slutsky. "Let me know when she gets here and we'll throw out whoever's in the nightclub."

Down on the track the horses were following the mobile starting gate. Sholty was having problems getting Songcan into a trot. Then, going to the first turn, the colt began banging his legs together and almost fell. "I thought I had lost him," Sholty said later. But Songcan recovered and quickly moved past Delmonica Hanover into the lead with Super Bowl, from far outside, taking second.

"I was three wide for an awfully long time," Dancer recalled later. "I or a moment I thought about ducking back and putting him in third on the rail. But I decided, 'Heck, let's go.' It's a mind thing. There aren't any guarantees you are right."

Turned loose, Super Bowl flowed flawlessly into the lead and turned the first quarter in a speedy 29½. Then Dancer said, "Whoa," and they crawled the next two quarters in 31½ and 31½, with Songcan socked in second and Delmonica Hanover having an easy trip in third place.

Just before the three-quarter pole Sholty made his move, swinging wide to try to overhaul Super Bowl. When Dancer lifted his horse to a 29½ pace for the last quarter Songcan hung on the outside and died. Super Bowl breezed home in 2:02 with Delmonica Hanover a length back and a length and a half ahead of Songcan.

The victory was Super Bowl's fifth over Songcan in eight starts this season, and as Sholty had said, "You have to figure if he has done it five times, he can do it again." At least this time Ben Slutsky didn't lose a trophy by the toss of a coin. After each of Songcan's victories he has flipped for the silver with Trainer Don Prussack, who owns the other half of the horse. They have tossed for trophies nine times, and Slutsky hasn't won yet.

Three weeks ago at Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, while winning with Super Bowl, Dancer drove the same kind of race—slowing the pace for one quarter—and drew a three-day suspension. He is appealing the ruling. "They said I didn't maintain a pace 'comparable to the class in which we were racing,'" he said. "Heck, I won the race and didn't do anything wrong. I didn't interfere with anyone. I did what I'm paid to do: drive

continued

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published a weekly
 sports page in the early 1970s. The page
 was called "Sports Illustrated" and was
 published by the New York University of the
 City of New York.

The names and addresses of the publisher
 and the editor of the New York University of
 the City of New York are as follows:
 Publisher: Sports Illustrated, New York, N.Y.
 Editor: Sports Illustrated, New York, N.Y.
 Publisher: Sports Illustrated, New York, N.Y.
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 Editor: Sports Illustrated, New York, N.Y.

Back in the early 1970s, the New York
 University of the City of New York was
 a very important part of the city's
 sports scene. It was the only university
 in the city that had a sports department.

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HARNESS RACING

horses. It's an unfair rule. I don't feel any
 body should tell us how to drive. That's
 what we get paid for. They called me
 up and asked if I wanted to start my sus-
 pension on Sunday without a hearing. I
 said, 'Hell, no. I want a trial.' Look at
 the race tonight. I was because I drove
 the same way. I was made a long time
 early and I didn't know how much I
 used the horse. My tank could have run
 out of gas at any time. Whenever you
 put another horse out of the hole and
 force him to race on the outside, you
 are using him up and doing your job.
 We are supposed to win, aren't we? Leg-
 ally, I mean."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Dancer was having
 problems of her own. After a shopping
 spree in Yonkers she and two of their
 children—Shirley, 13, and Shulle, 7—
 went to the track for the race. At the pad-
 dock entrance she was told that she could
 come in but not the children. "You've
 got to be kidding," said Mrs. Dancer.
 "I've been taking our children in and
 out of paddocks for 22 years."

She was told that the children of an-
 other horseman had recently caused such
 a commotion in the paddock that Ed
 French, the track steward, had banned
 all children. A guard called French and
 asked if Mrs. Dancer could be allowed
 in with her son and daughter just to
 watch the 11th try French said no. She
 watched the race through a wire fence
 in the parking lot. "I was cross-eyed,"
 she said. "I could only see two turns. I
 don't think two minutes to watch one
 race would have mattered." When told
 what happened, Dancer said, "I'm just
 glad she didn't get mugged out there.
 In New York you never know."

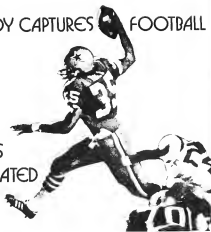
"This place is getting ridiculous,"
 Miller fumed. "They are taking all sem-
 blance of sport out of it. You'd think
 that when a guy pays \$2,000 to start his
 horse, his wife would certainly be able
 to see the race."

In the paddock Sholty's fortunes were
 continuing to run at low ebb. Dis-
 gusting by finishing third in the Futu-
 rity, the horseman went into the locker
 room and changed into street clothes.
 He had forgotten he still had drives in
 the seventh and ninth races. Reminded,
 he rushed back into his silks just in time
 to finish a poor fifth in the seventh.

"That's it," groaned Sholty. "I'm tak-
 ing myself off the horse in the ninth.
 This just isn't my night. I'm going
 home." It wasn't and he did. **END**

NOBODY CAPTURES A FOOTBALL

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From Hiram Walker.*

TEN HIGH
Tried and True



SOUNDINGS FROM TITANIC

A legendary personality who for half a century has been a figure of gambling fact and fable at last tells the toll tales of his sporting life

by A. C. THOMAS with EDWIN SHRAKE





Of all the hustlers that lived in my time, I was the best. I don't mean hustlers like the guys who work their propositions in fancy executive layouts, but like the guys who will play you any game you can name for any amount you can count and will look straight into your heart while they're scheming how to beat you. I never was any kind of world champion gin-rummy player because there's too much luck to gin, and for the same reason I lost about \$2 million fooling with the horses and drilled myself a few empty holes in the ground where there should have been oil. But I was smart, which is better than lucky in some ways, and I was very cool and steady and a fine athlete, so I usually had the edge in most games. To be a winner a man has to feel good about himself and know he has some kind of skillful advantage going in. It's like what I told a judge one time when I was charged with operating a game of chance. "Your Honor," I said, "this charge couldn't be right. There wasn't nobody in that room had a chance but me." Everybody of any maturity connected with the hustling trade has heard of Titanic Thompson, despite

continued



Thomas D. Sullivan

my efforts to keep my face and name and especially my abilities pretty much of a secret. Even though some gamblers believe a big reputation is like a honeypot that draws the flies—suckers wanting to try their hand against the best just one time, don't you know—I always looked at it the other way around and avoided publicity so as not to scare folks away. That's why I was happy the New York newspapers called me by the wrong name when I was hauled in as a witness in the famous Arnold Rothstein murder case. Later on I'll tell you some things about that murder, which took place 44 years ago, things I've never said before. Anyway, the New York papers believed my name was Thompson when I told them it was. I have never registered in a hotel under that name in my life. My real name is Alvin Clarence Thomas.

But word got around about me eventually. I guess it had to, considering some of the feats I have pulled off in my years of hustling. How could I keep it quiet when I won nearly \$1 million as my share in a long-running San Francisco poker game with Nick the Greek as my partner? Or when I shot a 29 on the back nine to beat Byron Nelson and win myself a nice bet. I was about the best golfer in the world in those days, and people are going to talk about things like that. I used to have a nickel-blue limousine and a yellow polo coat and a pile of diamond rings. I've had to shoot and kill five people and cause another to drown himself, all of them crooks trying to rob me or hurt somebody. I won the Arizona State trapshooting championship four years in a row, and I got married four times to pretty young girls, which is all true. I've had a lot of lies told about me, which is true, too. So this is a good chance to get some straight stories laid out. I'll be 80 this fall and can't raise a game at the par-3 course near my house in Grapevine, Texas because they know I can still shoot it in three under par. But when they say I never could lose at anything, that isn't true. I've been broke too

many times to count. That's how come I never did like a bet that was dead even. You've got to be lucky to win that kind of bet, and I had everything but luck.

My daddy was off gambling somewhere the night I was born in a three-room log house in the hill country of Rogers, Ark. They say he came home for a while, but he took off again when I was three or four months old. I hunted for many years before I finally found him and I set out to bust him in a poker game in Oil City, La., but I'll come to that later. My stepdaddy, granddaddy and six uncles played penny-ante games and checkers and dominoes, and I grew up learning how. I didn't have much education, but I had a natural head for mathematics. I have worked out odds on just about everything you could put money on. It's amazing how many gamblers don't know what the real odds on a proposition are.

What do you think the odds are that if you throw up four coins at once, you can call them all? Most people think it's 5 or 6 to 1, but if you call two heads and two tails it's only 5 to 3. If six coins are tossed at once, you call three tails and three heads. That's a true 11-to-5 proposition, but people will give you all kinds of bigger odds than that. I like to bet on throwing 12 with the dice. It takes $24\frac{1}{2}$ rolls to throw 12. That's dead even. A lot of people think if you can throw 12 once in 24 rolls, you can throw it twice in 48. The fact is it takes 60 rolls to throw 12 twice, and I have won a bundle on that proposition.

Some books say it's 8 to 5 you don't hold a pair with five cards. The real odds are nearly dead even. So if anybody would lay you 11 to 10 or 6 to 5, you can bet they're holding a pair and have the best of it. Playing poker with five cards you can bet you hold as big a spade as the eight and have a little the best of it. Betting on a seven would give you a lot the best of it. There are thousands of these little propositions. Once I bet a gambler that two of the first 30 people we met would have the same birthday. Knowing me pretty well, he thought I was tracking him and made sure we found strangers. I won on the 28th person. The truth is that on each of the last five the odds were better than even money in my favor.

One of the smoothest propositions I ever worked was as an 11-year-old boy back in Arkansas. We raised cows and pigs, cut ties for the railroad tracks, hunted and fished in the hills. I had my own shotgun by the time I was 10, but I could kill a quail almost as easy with a rock. I had a powerful throwing arm. I could throw a rock 75 feet farther than any major league outfielder could throw a baseball. I won money throwing oranges on top of buildings and loaded pecans clean over buildings. But this time that I worked this smooth proposition as a boy, it was with my good water spaniel.

I used to watch these dudes come to fish with their elegant casting outfits, and I wanted one of those things. I had trained my spaniel to dive to the bottom of the fishing hole and bring back a rock I tossed in. So one day I told a dude my dog could do that and offered to bet the dog against his casting outfit. The dude said, "Mark it so I know it's the same rock you throw in." I did, and the spaniel leaped into the water, swam down out of sight and



came up in a minute with the marked rock. What that dude didn't know, of course, was the bottom of that pond was covered with marked rocks.

When I was 16 I was 6' 1" and strong as a wild razorback hog. The notion had come to me that it was time to see what the world held for a boy of my talents. I told my mama I was leaving. She said she'd been expecting it and asked me to promise her two things—that I would never drink or smoke. I made that promise, and I have kept it.

I rode the train to Monett, Mo., and got a job selling maps door to door, trading on my pitch of being a poor homeless boy. I traveled through Missouri for six months, stopping at all kinds of towns and looking in gambling halls for my daddy, meanwhile picking up a great education from the gamblers. I could already handle a deck of cards pretty well, and now I learned how to hustle pool and roll the dice.

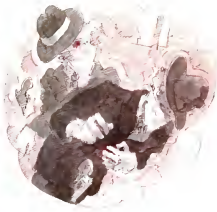
One day walking along in Springfield, Mo., I saw a big old covered wagon. A fellow with a white mustache and little white goat's beard was standing there in a buckskin jacket and a white hat touting the suckers to buy his patent medicine that would cure asthma, rheumatism, cross-eyes, gout, general worn-out feelings and just about every ailment that had been thought up yet. He called himself Captain Adam Bogardus. While I was watching, he threw a tin plate up in the air and shot at it twice with a .22 rifle and made that plate hop. I picked up the plate and saw he'd only hit it once. After the show I told him I could shoot better than he could and wanted a job. "Boy, you're crazy as a pet coon," he said. "I'm the world champion."

He put up a target on a tree and handed me his rifle. I nailed 15 shots into the thing. He grinned and said it looked like I had a job. For the next six months I traveled with Captain Bogardus' medicine show and did the shooting while he sold the bottles of whatever it was—a good dab of alcohol, I suspect, maybe a bit of opium and cocaine. Nobody questioned things like that in those days.

All this time I was entering turkey shoots and other shooting contests and was cleaning up with side bets, and people learned not to shoot against me, which meant it was about time to move on. I said farewell to the captain and roamed around, living the gambler's life. Sometimes it was chicken and sometimes it was feathers, but I was young and confident and never worried about a thing.

I heard there was a fellow down in Marked Tree, Ark., named Joe Green who would gamble on any proposition put to him. Didn't matter if you were the world champion or what. Joe Green thought very high of himself, especially when it came to shooting dice.

I looked this fellow up. He owned a 30-foot riverboat that hauled barges full of produce, supplies and passengers on the St. Francis River. It took me two trips to clean him out of about \$2,000, all the cash he had. But Joe Green was all gambler. He estimated his boat was worth \$2,500 and wanted to play for it. So I won the boat



and Joe Green went to work for me, running what had used to be his own boat.

I had met a cute little girl by then and invited her to go for a ride on my new boat. Joe Green said he wanted to bring along a friend of his, a tough guy named Jim Johnson who thought he could gamble. I hadn't won but \$50 off Johnson before he jerked out a knife and threatened to cut my throat. I didn't have a gun with me—a mistake I seldom repeated—and this big tough guy bent me back over the rail with his knife at my throat and forced me to fall into the river. The sight of me sloshing in the water put Johnson in a good humor. He was laughing when I climbed back aboard and he had put his knife away.

A while later I went ashore to pick up some things, and when I returned the girl, Nellie, was crying. Johnson was drunk and had tried to tear off her clothes. Johnson kept drinking. Pretty soon he started yelling that he was going to finish tearing off Nellie's clothes so he could get a better look at her. I said for him to keep off. He reached for his knife and I knocked him down with a hammer that was lying nearby and kicked him and took the knife away from him. Then I popped him three or four more times and it was his turn to fall over the rail. The big difference here, you see, was that I was a strong swimmer and Johnson couldn't swim a lick.

They found his body a couple of days later. The law officer told me I was under arrest. A witness—I would guess one of the passengers—had seen me bash Johnson off the boat. The officer made a proposition that I could give him all my money and a bill of sale for the boat, or else I could go to jail. I turned it all over to him and left Arkansas about as fast as I could without looking too silly.

A while after that I found myself in the boomtown of Oil City, La., a very rough place full of money and high-

continued

spirited people. Where there's a lot of money oozing around, there's bound to be gambling. At 18 years of age I had already begun to be a stylish dresser. Wearing a brown derby hat and a suit with \$1,500 in my pocket, I walked down the streets of Oil City.

Inside one saloon, where there was a bar and a few tables, I saw several men playing stud poker. One of the men was tall and slim like me and had long, slender fingers that riffled the cards gracefully and laid them out neatly across the table just the way my six uncles did. He had all the same motions.

"Twenty-five dollars cash to get into the game, son," the tall man told me. I sat down and looked at him. He had black hair, a big diamond ring and a gold watch, and he looked sure of himself as a good gambler ought to. All of a sudden I just knew he was Lee Thomas, my father.

"I'll check to the Derby Kid," said the first man to get a card.

"You the Derby Kid?" my father said, as if he'd heard of somebody by that name. What it probably was, he thought I looked familiar.

"Could be," I said.

"You can bet now," my father said.

"Fifty dollars," I said.

On that first hand my father had a king up against my ace up. He called my bet. We ran the other fellows out. My aces were wired, and I picked up \$200. As we kept playing, the other fellows got out of the game, and my father told newcomers to stay out. We went eye to eye for more than six hours, neither of us saying much, concentrating hard. Finally my father stood up. "You've taken \$1,600 off of me, son. That's about all I care to lose today," he said.

I counted up \$1,600 worth of chips and pushed them over to him. "You never had a chance to beat me," I said. "I'm giving your money back." He looked at me a long time without saying a word. "Son, nobody ever gave me back my money," he said.

"That's how come I'm doing it," I said. "I'm sure you're my daddy."

"My own son cleaned me out!" he yelled, laughing and shaking my hand and hugging me. He wiggled one arm loose, put the chips in his pocket and went to hugging me again. I stayed around Oil City for a few months and picked up a good bit of cash from those old oil-field boys, but then I got the urge to be moving along. My daddy understood that I told him goodbye and never saw him again or heard his voice. Thirteen years later I heard he died in Denver.

For a couple of years I toured around the South and Midwest, practicing my skills. In the spring of 1912 I went to Joplin, Mo., just about the time the liner *Titanic* hit an iceberg and sank with more than 1,500 people on board. I was in a poolroom there and beat a fellow named Snow Clark out of \$500. To give him a chance to get even, I bet \$500 I could jump across his pool table without touching it. If you think that's easy, try it. But I could jump farther than a herd of bullfrogs in those days. I put down an old mattress on the other side of the table. Then I took a run and dived headfirst across the pool table. While I was counting my money, somebody asked Clark

what my name was. "It must be Titanic," said Clark. "He sinks everybody."

So I was Titanic from then on. Before that, a lot of people had called me Slim, which is as good a name as any when you'd rather your own real name wasn't well known.



When you live the hustling life, you have to expect a certain amount of trouble. Most big gamblers think of money as just paper to play with, but the sight of stacks of \$100 bills can be very corrupting to some people, making them nervous and itchy and inclined to try to rob you. Most of the gamblers I have known carried guns to protect themselves and their stakes, but very few gamblers really knew how to shoot well enough to hit a milk cow if it was in the same room with them. I was, of course, an exception.

There is a type of gambling man who is not actually a gambler at all but is more of a thug and a bully who will keep what he wins and attempt to take back what he loses. I got into a game with a guy named Smoke Wilson, a loud thug who drank heavy and used a marked deck and thought he was clever. This was in Joplin where I had married a girl who didn't approve of my rambling ways. She divorced me and last I heard had married a more settled fellow called Pretty Boy Floyd. Well, Smoke Wilson didn't realize I could read his marked deck as well as he could. There was a big pot. I had kings wired. Smoke had an ace in the hole, and I saw the next card I was to deal him was an ace. After several raises, I dealt Smoke a first second and laid a five down in front of him. He looked plain baffled for a minute, and then he got sore. "I was supposed to get an ace. Where's it at?" he said.

"Why, I believe I got it," I said, dealing it to myself.

He reached out with two big old log-sized arms and scraped the \$800 out of the pot. A very calm feeling came over me, the way it always did when there was big trouble or big stakes. I never was calmer in my life than when I saw I was about to have to shoot somebody or maybe knock a three-iron onto the green and sink a putt to win a large bet. Smoke Wilson asked what I intended to do about his taking the pot, and I admitted that was a fair question. I waved my left hand gently in the air to attract his eyes. Meanwhile, I brought out my new German Luger and stuck the muzzle right up to his head. "This here's what I'm going to do about it," I said. "Don't make a mistake, or I expect I'll have to kill you."

Smoke shoved the money back to me and said we were friends and ought to forget it. But he had a few more drinks, and vanity started getting ahold of his reason, and he said if he had a gun I wouldn't have backed him down. So I told him I'd put up \$40,000 against the \$500 he had left, and he could get himself a gun, and I'd meet him on the street. The one that lived could keep all the money. He jumped up and started toward the door, but it was all bravado. "I'm too big a target and you're too good a shot," he said. "I believe the money is yours."

I never had killed anybody up till then except that mean old boy down in Marked Tree who fell overboard and I didn't intend to kill him, you understand. It was more

continued

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like God drowned him for being so mean. But when people heard how Smoke Wilson had backed off from me, they sought me out in high rolling circles. That is how I met Hickory McCullough and Beanie Benson, the two biggest gamblers in Joplin.

I have been associated with some awful big gamblers. Fellows like Nick the Greek, Ray Ryan, Little Man down in Alabama, some other boys who liked to bet real big. The best all-around hustler I ever knew outside of myself was Bill Douglas, who got killed in Memphis a couple of years ago. Bill could play any game and was one of the best cheaters and connivers in the world. He was so good they wouldn't even let him play in Las Vegas. I don't mean Hickory McCullough and Beanie Benson were in that class, but they were big for Joplin, and it was with them that a story started about me that is still being told.

It is funny how the newspaper and magazine boys would take a story they heard someplace and add a few embellishments to it and then repeat it as fact. This story I am about to tell I have read dozens of versions of, but this is the true one. Hickory owned a fishing camp about 30 miles from Joplin. One day I saw workmen putting up new road-mileage signs on the highway. That night I dug up a sign that said JOPLIN, 20 MILES and replanted it five miles closer to Joplin. Next day we were riding along, and I remarked to Hickory as we passed the sign, "Those boys are crazy. It's not 20 miles to Joplin from here." Hickory and Beanie bet me \$500 each the sign was right. Of course, I won the bet. Hickory and Beanie used that same sign to win plenty of bets later.

In St. Louis I fell to gambling in the tenderloin, a very tough place. By then I was carrying a bodyguard around with me. His name was Wes Billinger. He drove my car and watched my back and got 10% of my winnings, which were considerable. I was very handy with my fists and my gun, but it was good to have a fellow like Billinger in the room when I was gambling at a place like the back room of the tailor shop owned by George Johnson, a pal of bootleggers and a bondsman who thought he could shoot dice. The good Lord makes a lot of guys who think they can shoot dice, and fellows like me have always been thankful for that. I beat Johnson out of \$40,000 in two months.

One night Johnson got drunk, and we had a little spat, and I suspected he was setting me up for a hijacking. But he apologized when he sobered up and offered to steer me to a payday crap game for 50% of my action, and he would cash the paychecks I won. I went down and shot craps and won \$7,000, and the next afternoon I went to Johnson's to get my money.

Billinger and I sat around the back room of the tailor shop telling jokes to the girls who hung around there, and pretty soon Johnson paid me. As we got ready to leave, a sorry little guy I knew to be a hijacker flipped the switch that turned on a light by the back door. "Whoops," he said and turned it off. If I'd ever seen a signal, that was it. I stepped back from the door and said very loud, "Hey girls, I got another joke to tell you."

I began telling the joke, and they began laughing because they knew I told the funniest jokes in the world. Then I slipped out my #45 with the adhesive tape on the handle, kicked open the door and saw two men with hand-

kerchiefs covering their faces and guns in their hands. They were plenty surprised. I shot them both and they fell down dead in the yard. For a few seconds I thought I might as well shoot Johnson, too, but he begged for his life. At the police station, the chief told me I'd done the world a favor. Those two dead thugs had kidnapped a baby in Pittsburgh and were being sought for murder and armed robbery. They were on the most-wanted list. The chief even said I could carry a pistol.

Later I had another bodyguard, Duck Wade, who was with me in St. Jo at a poker game. The game was upstairs, and the stairs were rigged with a bell that would ring when the fourth step was trod on. The bell went off one night, and we ducked behind the table. Two hucksters came in with masks on, shooting. A bullet hit the table just inches from my head. We shot them down fast. One man was Skeet Young from Tulsa and the other was Arch Lupee from Minot, N. Dak. Duck and I sent their wives a telegram.

The only hijacker I felt bad about killing was one in Tyler, Texas in 1932. I was playing golf at the country club, and a nice-looking, blond boy was the caddy master. I let him hold the stakes. Later when I went to my car, a fellow with a mask on jumped out from behind a tree and told me to stick up my hands. I dropped to my knees and shot him through the mouth and above the heart. He said, "Help me up, Mr. Thomas. I think you've killed me." It was that boy. The police came, and he told them he'd been trying to rob me, it wasn't my fault. Then he died. If I'd known it was that kid, I'd have given him the money. I hated to shoot a kid, but how could I know who he was with that mask on?

Up in Pittsburgh where my second wife's folks lived, I practiced my horseshoe pitching. Horseshoes was a very big gambling game in those days, and a fellow named Frank Jackson was the world champion. The regulation distance in horseshoe pitching is 40 feet, but I practiced at 41 feet. I could ring 80 out of 100 throws at the regulation distance, but Jackson was the world champion and I wanted my edge if I could get it.

I located Jackson in Minneapolis at a horseshoe tournament. I went there and built a court in an alley. The court looked perfect, but it was 41 feet long. Jackson couldn't figure out why his throws kept falling short, and I won \$2,000 off him. I think I could have beaten him anyhow, but why take the chance?

In Oklahoma City a little later something happened that has been told a hundred times, but this is the truth of it. Hubert Cokes was a real tough guy, a top pool player, and he had a big, fine-looking friend named Longgoody. We all liked Goody, and he was witty, but he had no education at all and we knew it. So on the sly, Cokes taught Goody how to spell rhinoceros and Mississippi. Goody worked like hell at learning those words, but none of us had any idea about it.

We were watching Goody shoot pool one day. He had his coat off and was wearing suspenders and a striped shirt and was chalking his cue when some shill remarked how dumb Goody was. Cokes said, "People who think Goody is dumb just don't know him." The shill says, why Goody couldn't spell his own name. Cokes says Goody

continued

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TITANIC *continued*

can spell any word you can think up. We got into a hot discussion about it. Bets were laid. Somebody suggested Goody spell restaurant, but we ruled that out because it was printed on the wall. Cacciatore was another possibility, but we decided against it because Goody ate Italian food a lot. Finally we settled on rhinoceros. I had bet \$50 myself, and Cokes covered all bets. Cokes called Goody over and told him to spell rhinoceros.

"Sure, Hubie," said Goody. "M-a-s-s-i-m-u-m-p-p-i. How's that, Hubie?"

"You dumb s.o.b., I'll break this cue over your head!" Cokes yelled.

I read later there were thousands of dollars wagered on that spelling contest, and that I was the one who had taught Goody the words, but what I have told you is the truth. I never gave anybody any stories to write, but they sure made up a lot of stuff. The real truth is fantastic enough, if you ask me.

It was in the early '20s that I heard about Nick the Greek, and I went up to Chicago to meet him. Nick Dandolos was his real name. He was born somewhere in Greece where his daddy was a rug merchant. Nick came to the United States when he was a kid and fell to gambling, the way a lot of Greeks do. He won about \$500,000 on the horses with the help of a certain notorious jockey, and from then on he was a gambler, a great stud poker and faro player who loved to shoot dice. Nick was a mystery man. He used to go broke a couple of times a year and the next you'd see him he'd have \$200,000 in his roll. Nobody knew where he got it. He didn't care a hoot for money except to gamble with.

There was a real big poker game starting out in San Francisco, and Nick the Greek and I went out there. The game was at the Kingston Club, a high-class place with big rooms and plenty of velvet and crystal where you felt like a gentleman. A bunch of rich guys were in the game. One lawyer lost more than \$1 million before it was over. I was broke at the time, but I went in and watched the game and it didn't take long for me to see Chew Tobacco Sy was running in phony decks on them. The way the decks were marked you could read whether it was a little card or a big card, and that's all you had to know since they mostly just played lowball. I went to this rich gambler named Harry

Pelsinger and said, "If I show you I have a cinch proposition to win, will you stake me for \$10,000? I'll give you 50% of the winnings." He agreed. I showed him the cards with the tiny crosses on them. The first night I won \$75,000.

After a few days Pelsinger heard Nick and I were going to team up and cheat him in some way, so he asked for his 50% share of my winnings and said he wanted out of our deal. I paid him \$100,000 on the condition he couldn't ask back in. He took the money and went down to Los Angeles and lost the whole lot staking another fellow. Then of course he asked back in, but it was too late for that.

Nick and I had signals to let each other know who had the best hand. Nicky would play four days in a row without sleep. I usually played 15 or 16 hours and then slept 10 or 12. I've always needed to get my sleep. In that big San Francisco game the dealer would ante \$80, the next man would ante \$80 and the next man would have to open for \$160. Then the next man could raise by putting in \$320 and the rest to raise would put in \$640. That's a lot faster than no limit. You could buy \$20,000 worth of chips, and 15 minutes later you had to buy another \$20,000 because you could lose that much in a hurry. We played this game for close to two years. Then Nick the Greek and I went to New York, where I was intending to get rich at the racetrack and he was going to wipe everybody out with the dice. I didn't know how much money Nick had exactly, but I had \$960,000 in cash in my suitcase and two automobiles, and he must have had about the same. That was a lot of money in the days before taxes made everybody broke. Some Jewish gamblers took all Nick's money in a short period around Christmas. The comics made a joke on the Broadway stage about how this was the first time the Jews knew Santa Claus was a Greek. It took me longer to go broke at the track.

I was at Saratoga for a while, busy fixing jockeys and trying to win \$20 million, you know, and this ex-jockey I used to be acquainted with around New Orleans and Louisville came up to my hotel room with a proposition. In a three-horse race the next day, two horses were 6 to 5 and the other was 8 to 1. He said for \$5,000 each he could buy the two 6-to-5 jockeys, and I could fill my pockets

continued

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on the long shot. I was interested, so he brought the two jockeys to my hotel room. I told them, "Now look, I don't want you taking my money and letting your horse run in on you and you claiming you couldn't hold them back. I don't want no guess with my money." They said not to worry, they'd get a bad start and just run into each other and fall off their horses if they had to. I gave them \$5,000 each and gave \$2,000 to the ex-jockey for fixing the deal up.

I called all around and bet \$20,000 on this 8-to-1 shot. So at the track here come these two 6-to-5 horses running for their lives. One of them broke the track record and the other like to have beat him. I ran down to the jockeys' room with my .45 in my pocket, and, well you can figure it out, those weren't the same two riders I had given the money to. Two stableboys had got my money and left town with the ex-jockey, all figuring I would be pretty hot about it and might show them what kind of a world champion pistol shot I was. But I just had to laugh because I had flat got flimflammed. It was nobody's fault but mine.

I never had any luck at the racetrack, even when I thought I had the edge. Once down in Tipuana I had fixed seven of the eight jockeys in a race and had bet \$150,000 on the eighth horse, Nellie A, owned by Bert Beroni from Reno. I had gone so far as to lay out \$500 each to several guys to bet on other horses to keep the odds up, and I had called all over the country to place my bets in small chunks, and I had told the jockey of the best horse in the race that I had a sharpshooter with a scope-sight on top of the grandstand to shoot him off his horse if I saw he felt like winning. Coming down the stretch Nellie A was so far ahead of the field her jockey could have stopped to light a cigar and still finish first. I mean Nellie A was in front by 150 yards. I was hollering like a fool, I was so excited and happy to hit the horses a big lick. And Nellie A fell down right there and broke her leg. She just fell right down with nobody around her and broke her leg and they had to shoot her. Would you call that some kind of bad luck?



While I was in San Francisco at the big poker game, I had started taking golf lessons on the sly. I kept out of the sun so I wouldn't get a tan because I didn't want anybody to know I was a great natural-born golfer until it was worth something to me. A year or so earlier I had been driving from Tulsa to Pitcher, Okla., and had stopped at a drink stand and was watching a fellow hit golf balls. I borrowed his club and drove one 300 yards the first time I ever swung at a ball. His club was left-handed, and I was right-handed, but I will tell you this about golf—if you are right-handed you ought to play left-handed, and vice versa. I could play scratch either way, but for pure accuracy I am better left-handed.

I bought myself a driver and got up a few bets here and there on long hitting. I bet a man who owned a pool ball \$500 I could drive at least one of three balls 300 yards on level ground, but it rained and the best I could do in the soggy grass was 285. Later I won \$1,000 by betting I could drive a ball 500 yards, which I did by knocking it

onto a frozen lake outside Chicago. That ball went about a mile. But all this while I kept my golf a secret. In San Francisco, I practiced with all the clubs in the bag and got to be about the best iron player and chipper and putter in the world. I still am pretty close to the world champion at chipping and putting when my arthritis doesn't bother me too bad.

Nobody knew how good I was in San Francisco. In fact, the first full round of golf I ever played in my life I won \$56,000, got paid off in cash on the 18th green and lost one of my best friends.

Buddy Brainer, who was a golf champion in the San Francisco area, used to come up to the Kingston Club and watch us play cards. One night he asked me to play nine holes of golf with him the next morning, and I agreed to bet him \$10 a hole. Well, I just played terrible and lost all nine holes. I paid him his \$90 and told him, "I never had such bad luck. My ball kept going into every bad place it could go to. I'm surprised the bears didn't eat me, I was so far back in the woods all morning. I know I can play better than that, and I want to try you again sometime." He started conning me, you know, talking about my bad luck and my great swing. He came up to the club again that night, and I said I'd play him for \$1,000 a hole if he'd give me three shots a hole. He said he'd give me one shot a hole. I said O.K. but the \$18,000 had to be put up in advance. People went to betting and raised the cash.

I had a friend named Deep Hole Joe Ferris. A lot of gamblers have been in the oil business, including me, and Joe got his name because he'd just keep drilling deeper and deeper, like there was bound to be oil down there in the middle of the world. As I said, we were close friends and he told me he was betting on Brainer. "Joe, bet on me," I said. "I have got the mortal cinch on that man."

"Ti, I have known you for years, and I know you can't play no golf," Joe said. "I'm going to bet on Brainer, and I'll bet against you right now if you want."

Out of friendship I didn't want to hurt him too much, so I warned him again and then I bet Deep Hole Joe \$400 a hole. Two other fellows who didn't know if I could play golf or not decided to bet \$10,000 on me with Joe. I went to them and told them I had never played 18 holes of golf in my life, which was a fact, and offered to buy their bets for \$2,500. They were glad to sell to me.

At the golf course I told Buddy Brainer, "Today, it'll be a different game." I knocked my first drive about 275 yards down the middle, and Buddy turned white as Montana in the winter. I forget what I shot that day, but I don't think Brainer won a single hole. What with all the side bets, I won \$56,000. Deep Hole Joe sent a message that said, "Tell Ti not to speak to me again. I didn't mind him beating me himself, but I didn't like him sending those other two guys to bet me." I hadn't sent them, but there wasn't any way to convince Ferris of that, and I lost a good friend.

I went purely crazy over golf. For the next 20 years I had a club in my hands nearly every day. You might wonder why, if I was the best golfer in the world, like I say I was, I didn't turn pro and win all the championships? Well, you were liable to win a golf bag if you won a tournament in those days. A top pro wouldn't win as much in

continued



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a year as I would in a week as a hustler. People would get to know a pro, and I wanted to keep my skill a secret as far as possible. I didn't care about championships. I wanted the cash.

I moved down to Beverly Hills with my wife and we bought a nice big home and some fine cars and diamonds and loaded up on stylish clothes. I bought the house from Ed Jones, a left-handed golfer. He invited me out to play, so I borrowed my sister's clubs and beat him two days in a row. At dinner I said, "Ed, who ever told you that you could play golf? You can't play a lick. I could take your own clubs and beat you left-handed." We played several times left-handed, and I would shoot just good enough to beat him. I never shot any scores that would scare anybody off, you see.

So we were in the clubhouse in front of a big crowd, and I said I'd play anybody out there for \$10,000 if I got a stroke a hole. I had been shooting about 100 to beat Ed, and they ran a pro named Charley Guest in on me. Ed Jones put up \$5,000 in cash and two fine new automobiles, which I promptly beat him out of. Then I went over to Hollywood Country Club, which I had joined so I could take lessons from Ed Dudley, and got into a crap game. When I walked out to my car parked near the 18th green, two guys jumped me and stuck a pistol in my face. I didn't have my .45 or I would have shot it out with them. For some reason I wasn't expecting trouble, but Hollywood is just as full of thieves as anywhere else, and maybe more so. They took a roll of cash out of my front pocket and overlooked \$8,000 in my back pocket. I started running and fell over an out-of-bounds sign. They caught me and found the \$8,000. Then they tied a handkerchief over my eyes. I told them to give me \$2,000 to hustle on, keep the rest and forget it. Instead they put me in the back-seat of the car and began driving. I found a wrench but wasn't sure if they intended to kill me and was afraid to hit them for fear of causing a wreck. Finally they threw me out of the car. I rolled down a hill, expecting to feel bullets striking me any second. But they drove off.

When I got home I called Ed Jones and said I'd been hijacked. He sounded sympathetic. My wife's sister's husband knew a policeman, who had a good notion who these two boys were. The policeman broke into their apartment and caught them cutting laundry marks off their handkerchiefs. It turned out they worked for Ed Jones, and he had set them on me. I said I wouldn't identify them if I got my money back. But the cop kept my money, quit his job and left town. A thief is where you find one, and I don't care what kind of a suit he's got on.

Those were fine times playing golf. I traveled all over and had games with the great players and the great hustlers, who are not necessarily the same. We had some laughs. You may have read about a bet I had with Johnny Moss, who now has the cardroom at the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas. I was betting Johnny couldn't break 90 using just a two-iron. I think it was, and I'd taken a knife and ransacked the cups a tiny bit, which meant he might miss a putt if it wasn't hit square into the hole. But he caught on and sent his caddy ahead to stomp down the cups, and he won the bet.

I had a lot of things going for me in Los Angeles and

San Francisco. I was the best duckpin bowler in the world and broke all kinds of records, and I was doing fine at golf and cards and dice. But I decided to go to New York and gamble a little and hit the racetracks again, and that is how I came to be playing in a poker game with Arnold Rothstein. In fact, it was in Rothstein's apartment house that I nearly broke my heart.

It has always been my ambition to catch one millionaire whom I could beat out of a really huge bank of money, and I had my chance in New York. One day I was coming down in the elevator in Rothstein's building with my golf clubs, and a little Syrian with a mustache got on at the sixth floor with his golf clubs. I turned to a fellow named Green who was with me and said, "I'll bet you \$1,000 I can break 100 today." Green looked confused, but the little Syrian spoke up and said, "Most people who think they can break 100 can't do it." I pulled out a \$1,000 bill. The Syrian got \$1,000 at the desk without even cashing a check.

At the golf course I barely broke 100 and beat the Syrian out of another \$1,000 making side bets. We went back to the apartment house and ordered dinner up to my room and got to shooting dice on the bed. The Syrian didn't have a chance. I got him \$10,000 down and asked how far he wanted to go. He said it didn't matter. He'd go \$100,000, \$200,000, any amount I'd take his check for. I thought I'd be lucky to cash his check for the \$10,000 he owed me, so I called off the game until I could go to the bank the next day. They cashed that check without even looking to see how his account was fixed. The clerk told me that little Syrian was the richest linen man in the world, that he'd cash his check for \$1 million without blinking. For the next three days I ran all over New York looking for that Syrian, but he'd gone to Europe. I never had another opportunity like that.

We played some awful big poker in New York. Arnold Rothstein usually didn't play with us but he would hang around Lindy's every night. He was a Broadway character, you know. He was also a swindler and a gangster, a very smug-looking fellow, and I didn't have hardly any kind of respect for him. He wasn't good at any games that I know of, but he surely had a lot of money. He was accused of being the man behind fixing the 1919 World Series, but they couldn't prove it in court even though it did come out that he won \$350,000 betting on Cincinnati against the Black Sox. I knew he fixed horse races and had heard he had shot a cop one time in a crap-game raid and got out of it. I kept up my acquaintance with Rothstein and figured one day I'd beat him out of something.

The big poker game with Rothstein came about when I asked him to play. He said he would if I would be his partner. He claimed he was a good poker player, but of course he wasn't. Anyhow, I agreed to go in with him just to see what I could work out. For a while Rothstein and I were winning a little. Then Nigger Nate Raymond came into the game. Nigger Nate was a real comical guy I knew from San Francisco. He'd been broke but had just won \$8,000 shooting craps. Rothstein said he'd high card Nate for the \$8,000. Nate glanced over at me and then looked at Rothstein and said, "Lick 'em in," which was a saying of his.

continued

I knew right then we were going to do business. Red Bowe's chauffeur was dealing the cards. Nate and I knew how to build the cards, putting the little ones on top of the big ones, you know, so they would run more or less how you wanted them to. I went to the bathroom and wrote a note to Rothstein. In the note I said, "I'm a \$12,000 winner, so here's your \$6,000, we're not partners anymore. I want to go for myself and you go for yourself." I explained I didn't want to bet my money on an even break on the high card. The fact was I knew Nigger Nate was going to beat Rothstein out of his money, and I wanted to get all of it I could, too.

I put the word around to the other players that I would take half their action if they would just bet like Nate did. So we went to playing high card. It started off at \$500 a card, but pretty soon the betting increased. Rothstein would say, "I bet you \$10,000 I beat you, and \$5,000 he beats you, and \$5,000 so-and-so beats you," and on like that before every deal.

Rothstein began losing big, but he would put the cash in his pocket when he won and would pay off with an IOU when he lost. It wasn't very smart of us to accept those IOUs from a swindler like Rothstein, but we all figured sooner or later he would have to dig up the money. By the time the game broke up, Rothstein had lost \$319,000 to Nate, \$69,000 to Joe Bernstein, \$29,000 to Sol Fusik, \$12,000 to Abe Silverman, about \$20,000 to a fellow named Donnelly, and so forth. All in all, Rothstein lost about \$500,000 that he gave us IOUs for, and half that money was supposed to be mine.

Most people think that Rothstein was killed that night, but he wasn't killed for 60 days after the game. George McManus was in that game and lost \$55,000 to Rothstein, which he paid him. But weeks kept going by, and Rothstein still hadn't pecked up his IOUs from the others. He was claiming the game had been rigged. Sure, it was rigged, I just said so, but Rothstein had won a lot of money on rigged games of all kinds himself.

Finally, McManus called Rothstein at Lindy's and told him to come over to Apartment 349 at the Park Central Hotel. I think what George wanted was to tell Rothstein either to pay up what he owed to the others or to give back the \$55,000. Rothstein walked out of Lindy's with Jimmy Meehan, one of his bodyguards. He gave Jimmy his pistol because he said he didn't want to have any trouble with McManus. Then he continued alone to the Park Central. Later they found Rothstein shot down in the lobby, and the pistol was out on the street, and George's overcoat was up in the room. There was a pile of celebrating around town when Rothstein was killed, because Herbert Hoover was elected President that day and Rothstein would have won \$500,000 betting on Hoover, but now he didn't win anything. I didn't celebrate. I just sat there and looked at those IOUs.

George got arrested for murder. They also pulled in me, Hyman Beller, Red Bowe, Nigger Nate and Meehan. I claimed I was sick and did everything I could to stay off the witness stand. But when they did get me up there, I didn't tell them anything. Before the trial, the New York newspapers had started calling me Thompson, since that's what I told them my name was, and that's about as straight

an answer as I gave during that period. I know plenty of people thought it was me who killed Rothstein. I ask you why would I have killed a guy who owed me a quarter of a million dollars?

So it was time to leave New York for a while. I went down to Missouri to visit my mother. Fooling around with the boys in Joplin playing a little golf, I met a pro named Ky Laffoon. I helped him out some with his game and told him he was too good to be hanging around town not making any money. We went on the road together. Ky and I never did lose a match as partners.

I played an awful lot of golf. I didn't exactly give up my other occupations, but I loved golf and won a pile of money at it. I played with young Ben Hogan and gave him some pointers, and I took Dutch Harrison as a partner when he was just a 17-year-old kid. Somebody asked Ed Dudley how well I could play, and he said, "One shot better than anybody in the world." That's how I felt about it, too, when there was a bet on the line. One day at the Radgale course in Fort Worth, I had to shoot a course record of 29 on the back nine to beat Byron Nelson. A man I know still has that scorecard. "Tl, if you ever want to prove what you shot that day, I'm keeping the proof for you," he told me at the time.

But no matter how good I was, I always liked to have an edge. I have been known to go around with my arm in a sling while I was getting up a match and then suddenly have a miraculous recovery on the first tee. One old boy who was a powerful driver kept wanting to play me, and I offered to let him hit three tee shots on every hole (except the par-3s, of course) and play the best one. He started off beating me, but by about the 12th hole he was worn out from all that swinging, and I clipped him easy. Another fellow asked for one of the pills I took for dizzy spells, and I slipped him a sleeping pill and cleaned him out. But there were times when no trick would work, you just had to put your head down and play. George Von Elm hustled me into a \$15,000 game with a fellow that I had to shoot 65 to beat. You should have heard the hollering. At the time, they thought I was a 20-handicap player.

People ask how I would have done on the golf tour today. The truth is I don't know. I could shoot 65 lots of times, but the courses we played were so short that today's golfers might have shot them in nothing. We had par-3 holes that were 80 to 100 yards, and our par-4s were about 300 to 320.

You probably haven't heard much about Titanic Thompson lately, and that is because I have been living a pretty quiet life in Grapevine with my wife Jeannette and my son, Ty Wayne Thomas, a big strong 13-year-old who's got a powerful throwing arm like mine. He could wind up in the big leagues. I work on my propositions and play the pitch and putt golf course, and I drilled a dry hole not long ago. Jeannette and I go bowling every day. I try real hard to beat her. Although I might have come close to it with golf, I never have played any kind of a game just for fun. I've done it all for money. But the funny thing is with me, money itself has never meant anything outside of something to kind of keep score with. If money had really meant anything to me, I would have kept some of it. **END**

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A Quitter Wins the Derby

Everybody except his jockey had given up on Humorist, whose courage was more than skin deep **by NORMAN B. WILTSEY**

On a spring afternoon in 1921 a horse owner named Jack Joel and his trainer, Charles Morton, waited tensely at England's historic Newmarket Race Course for the running of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes. Entered in the mile race, a traditional stepping-stone to Epsom Downs and "The Derby," was Joel's 3-year-old colt Humorist. A handsome chestnut by Polymelus out of Jest, the colt finished second in the 1920 Middle Park Stakes as a 2-year-old and seemed at that time to possess the qualities of a Derby horse. But at 3 Humorist had gone unaccountably wrong, alternating dull and brilliant performances until his owner was about ready to present him to some young lady as a saddle horse. Before he did, however, Morton persuaded Joel to see if he could get the famous jockey Steve Donoghue to ride Humorist in the Two Thousand Guineas. Donoghue, the winning rider in the 1915 and 1917 Derbies, was reportedly seeking a mount for the 1921 classic and might well be interested in Humorist. As it turned out, he was. Indeed Donoghue welcomed the chance to solve the riddle of the fractious colt's on-and-off performances and perhaps gain himself a Derby mount.

At Newmarket they put it all to the test. Donoghue got Humorist away to a winging start. He kept the colt handily in front until the last 16th, when Humorist began to labor and fade. When their horse finished third, Joel and Morton were disgusted; Donoghue, however, felt differently about the animal. Though Humorist had lost a race, he had gained a friend.

Disgruntled bettors promptly branded the colt a quitter, an opinion reluctantly shared by his owner and trainer, but Donoghue disagreed. "Humorist is no quitter," insisted the jockey. "Something is wrong with this colt. I don't know what it could be. He didn't show any signs of injury. He had the race won and then just ran out of petrol. Let's have the vet look him over."

The stable veterinarian found nothing wrong with Humorist except that he was rather seriously underweight. He recommended a lighter training schedule, an extra grain ration in the morning and hot bran mash at night. Care, he said, should also be taken that the colt did not become chilled and thereby risk catching a cold.

With the Derby only three weeks off

and Humorist his sole eligible starter, Joel held anxious council with Morton and Donoghue. The latter, still believing in Humorist, was all for allowing the colt to start in the Derby—but only if he trained well and looked fit at post time. And so Morton trained Humorist lightly, gave him his extra food rations and kept him in the barn on cold rainy days. At night the grooms checked every hour to make sure the colt didn't shed his stable blanket. Humorist responded to the careful handling with a series of dazzling works. "He's got it now!" evaluated Donoghue to Morton after a swift ride aboard the little chestnut on the training strip at ancient Newmarket Heath. "He finished the mile with plenty left and begging to run."

Morton shrugged. "I hope you're right," he said. "But he still has a week to go."

On Derby Day, Epsom Downs was clear and bright, and the vast crowd in a holiday mood. Best of all, Humorist seemed in top form.

"He had gained a little weight and looked extremely fit," wrote Donoghue later. "He nipped at my arm before we went to the post as if he were trying to tell me he was all right. He had never done that before, and so I took it as an omen of victory." But long-memoried bettors, burned at Newmarket, did not share his optimism and allowed the little chestnut to go off at longish odds of 6 to 1.

Donoghue's pre-race plan that day was to conserve his mount's questionable stamina by carefully timing his every move, and the jockey was later to call this "my greatest ride." Many of England's top horsemen agreed.

Steve held Humorist off the lead for eight furlongs of the approximately 1½-mile course. Here, Epsom Downs levels out after a brief downhill run, and now the Derby begins to exact its toll and, as the punters say, "The colts are separated from the horses."

Two horses, Alan Breck and Leighton, were leading Humorist at the mile, but now Donoghue was ready to make his move. As the jockey had expected, the long grind had slowed the speed horse Leighton and, as he faltered, Humorist moved into second position one length behind Breck. Humorist was still running well within himself, but Donoghue dared not call on him for more speed at this point. The colt was not all out, yet Steve sensed that he had little in reserve. His smooth action had roughened slightly in the last eighth, enough to warn his experienced rider that he might come to grief in the stretch drive.

It was the habit of Alan Breck, another speed horse, to bear out when he was tiring. This fact presented Donoghue with a tricky tactical problem. If he went out with Breck as the latter drifted, he would lose priceless ground that he could never get back at this stage of the race. If he went inside, he could gain ground and perhaps the winning edge in a tight race—provided that Breck did indeed go into his outward drift.

Watching the leader closely, Donoghue saw Breck flip his tail in the jerky motion that betrays a weary, discouraged racehorse. Momentarily now, according to his past form, Breck should drift out from the rail—but Steve could not wait for that to happen to make his move. To ensure that vital edge, he must gamble on Breck following his usual racing pattern, and so, boldly, Donoghue guided Humorist for the opening that had not yet appeared. The colt hung for a tense instant—then came willingly. As he reached the leader's tail, Breck, as if on cue, moved out from the rail just enough to let Humorist through. The cool gambler had paid off.

Leading the field now, Donoghue used all his racing skills to keep Humorist from running himself out in the stretch, which at Epsom turns into an uphill course.



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deal for the last 300 yards. Humorist came into the stretch two lengths in front. Now came the last and greatest challenge. Moving up fast on the outside, driving past fading horses, came late-running Craig and Eran, with Jockey Brennan whipping hard. Eran had beaten Humorist in the Two Thousand Guineas. Now, on the longer course, Brennan was confident that his powerful stretch runner could win again. Eran drew even with Humorist's saddle girth, gradually moved up until both colts were eye to eye. Then, as they approached the finish, Humorist inched ahead and won by a neck.

After that great victory in the Derby, Humorist was allowed to rest two weeks at his home barn at Wantage. Entered in a minor race at Ascot, the colt was scratched on the morning of the race, when Morton discovered flecks of blood inside Humorist's nostril after an easy work.

Morton immediately sent the Derby winner home. The colt appeared perfectly well upon arrival, but the stable vet was called in to examine him as a routine precaution. As before the Derby, the vet found nothing wrong.

Several days later Jack Joel engaged A. J. Mannings, the noted painter of thoroughbreds, to do Humorist's portrait for the famed Gallery of Derby Winners at the Newmarket Jockey Clubhouse. Mannings worked on the portrait all one morning before going to lunch. Returning, the artist found Humorist lying dead in his stall. Blood from the colt's mouth and nostrils stained the straw bedding around him.

Two veterinary surgeons performed an autopsy upon Humorist's body. The operation disclosed that the massive hemorrhage which killed the colt had resulted from advanced and long-standing tuberculosis. The tissue of one lung was completely degenerated and that of the other had been severely affected by the disease. Shocked at the news of Humorist's death, Donoghue paid him a horseman's tribute. "He gave me everything he had when it must have been agony for him," said the jockey. "No horse ever showed greater courage."

After Humorist's death, the racing fans who had branded the horse a quitter were—as turf writer Joe H. Palmer later sardonically noted—"somewhat abashed, a few of them for as long as 10 minutes."

END

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Pat's poker party took a lot out of me.

Pat's buddies, Dick, Don and Nick came over one night and I sensed that I wasn't long for this world.

But empty feeling tells me I was right.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by RON FIMRITE

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

Luis Tiant, whose nearly flawless pitching gave the Red Sox their shot at the championship, is the soul of generosity. He credits at least nine, maybe 10, of his 15 victories to teammates. "Yaz," says he of the late-flowering Carl Yastrzemski, "has won five or six for me with homers [the last on Friday night] and Tommy Harper has won about four more." Yastrzemski, who did in fact have five game-winning hits in the past month, graciously accepted his teammate's plaudits, but cannot recall three of them.

As the Red Sox went down in the wire with the tenacious Detroit Tigers, the Orioles were dropped out of the race on Friday and the Yankees were done on Saturday. The normally unsentimental Baltimore manager, Earl Weaver, apologized to Oriole Owner Jerry Hoffberger for failing to win a fourth straight league title. "Skip," replied Hoffberger, "you're not as sorry as I am."

And Yankee Manager Ralph Houk may well have put his foot in his mouth when he commented in midweek, "Our toes are still wriggling." They stiffened up a couple of days later. The Tigers, driven ever forward by Manager Billy Martin, were still in the ball game—and even hitting. Cleveland and Milwaukee, meanwhile, were not so much spoilers as pigeons. The Brewers' Jim Lenzborg surrendered six runs in two innings to the Tigers, a team whose number he had earlier. And there was talk in Cleveland of trading 23-game winner Gaylord Perry for a much-needed power hitter.

BOST 64-67 DET 63-65 NY 76-71
BAL 76-73 CLE 66-68 MIL 62-60

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

"As soon as we win this thing," said Oakland A's Manager Dick Williams just before his team won the thing, "all you regulars will get a well-deserved rest." "Hey, you can't do that to me," said Sal Bando, who knocked in the winning runs in both ends of a doubleheader with Minnesota, "I'm just getting hot." But Bando was on the bench by Saturday. That's where blue Vida Blue may be in the playoffs and/or the World Series. With ace left-handed Reliever Darold Knowles out with an injured hand, Blue, a 24-game winner last year but a

six-game winner this, may be shunted to the bullpen for the big ones.

The White Sox' Dick Allen was nowhere in sight, but this time it was not his fault. Manager Chuck Tanner simply gave him the rest of the season off after the A's clinched the division championship. Still, there was an Allen in the lineup—Dick's brother Hank, an infielder brought up in September.

The staggering Minnesota Twins were consistently personalized during the week—six games played, six games lost, all by one run. And the Kansas City Royals were, alas, looking ahead toward the inevitable next year. Specifically, they were contemplating a next year for big John Mayberry, who is only 22 and who had an 11-for-24 week. He has batted in 100 runs in a losing season. The California Angels also have something to look forward to—another Nolan Ryan season. Ryan struck out 17 men while winning his 19th game. That made 319 strikeouts for the year, best in the major leagues. And the Texas Rangers may now look ahead to a year without Ted Williams as manager.

OKA 91-61 CH 65-66 MINN 76-74
KC 76-76 CAL 73-78 TEX 62-56

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

The Pirates' Roberto Clemente got his 3,000th hit, a leadoff double in the fourth inning of a game with the Mets, and joined the immortals. But Clemente thought he should have been in that august company the night before when the official scorer ruled that his high bounce over the mound led to an error by New York's Ken Boswell, not an infield single. "All my life," complained Clemente, "they [the scorers] have been stealing hits from me."

The Cubs' Billy Williams is still a few hits shy of 3,000 (he has 2,229), but he did have a shot at the league's triple crown. He led in hitting by a comfortable margin and trailed the Red's Johnny Bench by four home runs and one RBI.

On the day Clemente stroked No. 3,000, Lou Brock of the Cardinals hit his 2,000th against the Cubs, the same team, as fate would have it, that traded him away eight years ago. Montreal's Gene Mauch had his contract extended. "It's quite obvious that I'm pleased," said Mauch. "And it's quite obvious that

we have a lot of work to do." Another team in the same fix, obviously, is the Phillies—except when it comes to Pitcher Steve Carlton, who managed to win 26 games for a last-place team. "He'll be our first \$100,000 player," conceded General Manager Paul Owens.

PIT 65-67 CH 65-66 NY 76-73
STL 74-76 MONT 66-62 PHIL 67-66

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

Dental science is gambling that a tooth extraction will cure the pains—oral and armwise—of Cincinnati pitching star Gary Nolan in time for the playoffs with Pittsburgh. Manager Sparky Anderson is assuming as much, predicting that Nolan will pitch the third game. Meanwhile, unbeknownst to anyone, the Reds' Clay Carroll set a major league record for the most saves by a relief pitcher in a single season. He has 36.

"I want a catcher who can call a good game, throw and stop the other team from running," said Houston's Leo Durocher, echoing a familiar managerial aspiration. But second-string Astro Catcher Larry Howard disagreed. "You keep reading in the papers that we need a left-handed relief pitcher and a catcher," said he wearily. "What they ought to do is concentrate on getting the left-handed relief pitcher and forget about the catcher. I think our catching is well taken care of."

The Atlanta Braves are also talking trade, but two who defiantly are not on the block are Henry Aaron and young Dusty Baker. Trading Aaron would be like giving away Peachtree Street, and as for Baker, Manager Eddie Mathews says, "He has super tools. The best way I can help him is to stay away from him."

The Giants' Jim Barr is a forward thinker. "I am going to spring training thinking of myself as a starter all the way," he said. And with cause. At one point in this dismal San Francisco season, Barr retired 41 batters in a row over two games.

The San Diego Padres fired Pitching Coach Roger Craig and hired as his replacement Johnny Podres, who by the interest coincidence was Manager Don Zimmer's old roommate at the Dodgers.

CIN 62-66 HOUS 63-66 LA 63-66
ATL 70-81 SF 66-66 SD 67-62

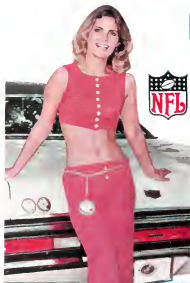
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MR. BUCKLEY'S VIEW

Sirs:

I will never, repeat never, open another issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. What qualifies William F. Buckley Jr. (*Strange Bedfellows*, Sept. 25) to write an article in a sports magazine? This smirking champion of the upper dog may have a place for his deathless prose, but it certainly "ain't" in a sports magazine. Is there no hiding place?

CHARLES CARTER

Long Island City, N.Y.

Sir:

Mr. Buckley is clever. However, I cannot appreciate being force-fed his political self-delusions during my weekly hour of sporting recreation.

STEVEN SCHMITT

Allentown, Pa.

Sirs:

Bill Buckley's gingery analysis uses sport for nothing more than an excuse to poke a few jabs at the same liberal concepts he's been bobbing around for years. What are the differences between U.S. "demamateurism" and Soviet "professionalism" that could account for the basketball loss at the Olympics? "Single-mindedness" and "bilateral" exchange of culture, Bill tells us. Was Ed Ratoff any less "single-minded" than Alexander Belov about winning for his team?

Buckley runs his political and historical references from A to Z in a dazzling display of verbal gymnastics. The final serving is a cup of Siberian gruel and Bill Buckley's inscrutable smile.

WILLIAM JOYCE

South Wellfleet, Mass.

Sirs:

For all the wit and accuracy of William Buckley's comments upon the state of international sports, his tiresome attempts at political allegory proved quite lame. Actually, the only thing he proved is that, for William Buckley, international politics at a game roughly equivalent to hockey or basketball, i.e., it is to be played to win and, if you are a man, you will give it everything you've got. Which is all fine and good. Except that with the nuclear pack, I don't want to be around when the sticks start swinging, and none of us will be around when they are through.

One would like to think that international sports are precisely the forum for such necessary and even valuable national energies to be played out. But surely the skies, the pucks and the sticks should be left outside of the arena when the object of the game involves human lives. Didn't the misplaced

anachronism of the Arab terrorists at Munich teach us at least that very lesson?

REN WESCHLER

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

William Buckley has hit us again with his best punch—not his vocabulary, but his impeccably logical mind—and, man, did we need it. With his simple but analytical redefinitions of such terms as "sport," "victory" and "superiority," Buckley has tendered a spice of realism to an athletic world already heavily peppered with spurious glories. Too bad we can't accuse the International Olympic Committee of similar sanity. Perhaps then it could have avoided becoming—through its appointed officials of boxing, gymnastics, diving and basketball—the second largest terrorist organization represented at Munich, one which compared ideologies rather than athletes.

The best course for the future is obvious. We have to restore career specialization to its natural order, putting Buckley in charge of the Olympics and giving those fearless components of the IOC a shot at real politics. We would then have a Utopia of athletic objectivity and political poetic justice.

But, no, I guess not. Imagine the International Olympic Committee as Supreme Court members, each voting according to how he thought the others were going to vote. Or imagine Avery Brundage in any position of political power at all.

Even if such difficulties were avoidable, people would never trust the arrangement. The Buckley-run Games would come too close to following the intent of athletic ethics, rather than the letter, and there is a dismal dearth of men with enough of Buckley's sanity to tolerate such a circumstance.

JEFF HARVEY

North Syracuse, N.Y.

COACH IBA'S DEFENSE

Sirs:

A word in behalf of Hank Iba ("Jab at Iba," *SCORECARD*, Sept. 25). Lefty Driesell knows that college teams in the Top 10 do not go to the Olympics—a group of individual players go. And until we do send a whole team to the Games, strong defense with the emphasis on teamwork, as Hank Iba has stressed for decades, is the way to win in international basketball—if the judging is fair. If Driesell's teams played defense as well as Iba's, he'd understand its value.

Team Canada lost at home to the Russians in hockey because its great individuals played like individuals and not as a team. Hank Iba's Olympic team and his Oklahoma State teams before that succeeded de-

spite their lack of big name stars because they were a team.

When Lefty Driesell wins 700 basketball games and molds a number 20-year-olds into a cohesive unit as Iba did, he will sound a lot more credible.

DAVE ROSENTHAL

Wharton, Md.

Sirs:

Lefty Driesell's comment, "We don't play that slowdown game anymore; our game is fast break," may be true of every collegiate coach in America except one—Lefty Driesell. A good example of Lefty's slowdown tactics was the Maryland-South Carolina game of the 1970-71 collegiate season. While South Carolina was playing the running game that Lefty describes, the Maryland team was following Coach Driesell's orders to freeze the ball until it found a sure open shot. These tactics resulted in a high-scoring 31-30 Maryland win, after which Coach Driesell said something like "You win them any way that you can."

When you compare the coaching records of Henry Iba and Lefty Driesell, it is apparent that Driesell could not even hold Iba's whistle. So who is he to criticize one of the best coaches in collegiate history?

FRED LUPPER

South Ozone Park, N.Y.

MR. BREWER'S ACHIEVEMENTS

Sirs:

I read with great interest your editorial comments (*SCORECARD*, Sept. 11) on Howard Cosell's interviews of Olympic personages. My views are identical with yours. To my surprise, however, I found equally bad taste displayed in Barry McDermott's treatment of Gay Brewer (*You Know Jack, Lee, Gary and, ah, er...*, Sept. 18). Mr. Brewer finished respectably close to the field, one stroke behind two of the three superstars he was pitted against in the World Series of Golf. Mr. McDermott's article should logically have reported on Gary Player's skill and cool in staying ahead of Nicklaus and Trevino. Instead, he devoted the entire article to a series of snide remarks on Brewer's past golf performances, personal habits and popularity.

CLEMENT J. BLUM

Plano, Texas

COACH LANDRY

Sirs:

My compliments to Edwin Shrake for his excellent story on Tom Landry (*Wily & Tiki Man Lashphur?*, Sept. 18), the best and smartest coach in the NFL.

JAMES DUNN

North Haledon, N.J.

continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*

Sirs,

I would like to extend thanks to Edson Shrike and St for the tremendous article on Tom Landry. In a time when we seem to hear only about the Duane Thomases or Dave Meggys, it is indeed refreshing to read about a man like Landry.

Even though I am a longtime Washington Redskins fan, I have the deepest respect for Coach Landry. Here is a man who has survived the roughest storms and come through like the champion he is.

CARTER MYERS

Bridgewater, Va.

Sirs:

Not even Brother Landry can make the New Testament into an argument for salvation by good works or, in his words, "paying the price." And while the Apostle Paul might have made a good halfback, he certainly would never have fallen for such a simple-minded theological formula as the equating of salvation with winning.

Winning, in football games or in other endeavors, may be necessary to "free enterprise, capitalism and our way of life," but it certainly has nothing to do with being a man of faith in the New Testament sense. Landry's idea, though not original, is a very neat and tidy one. There is no guesswork about it. If you pay the price, you will be a winner, and God loves winners. If you're not winning and/or don't feel particularly loved, then, good buddy, you just ain't payin' the price.

Since at least as long ago as the beginnings of the Old Testament, people at the top of the heap have been assuming they are there because God loves them and the way they do things. But if there is one single idea that both the Old and New Testaments—and especially the Apostle Paul—flatly deny, it is that pretty little piece of spiritual self-indulgence.

THE REV. RICHARD E. JOHNSON
Dublin, Texas

Sirs:

Tom Landry's socio-religious pontification on football, capitalism, the American way of life, religion and the singular importance of winning would ordinarily provide great humor if not for the fact that too many people identify with his view. His computer-aided mind would seem to place highest priority on efficiency and performance, with little regard for those who get cut from the team. All that matters is that there are enough people to fill certain positions to make the machine run. After all, for those who can't make it there is always another team (i.e., they can pull themselves up by their own bootstraps).

On the other hand, perhaps Tom Landry is rather perceptive after all: the organization of this country is not too much different

continued

1973 VEGA. CAN YOU SPOT THE CHANGES?



There's more "new" in the new Vega than you might suspect.

But most of it is strictly internal. Technical stuff. Not very exciting, but certainly significant.

Better belts and jack.

For instance we've improved the emission controls in the 1973 Vega, and we're sure you're glad about that.

We've replaced both the 3-speed and the 4-speed manual transmissions. The new ones shift smoother.

There's an improved seat belt system, a new windshield washer control that's easier to use than the old one.

Even the bumper jack is better. (But don't worry. You probably won't use it very often.)

Like we said when Vega first came out two years ago, we're not going to mess around with the looks of the car just to make it look different.

If you look closely at the 1973 Vega

you can see that the bumpers look different than they did last year. But that's for a stronger bumper, not styling.

And if this ad were in color, you'd be able to see that the car is painted "Chamois," which is one of eight new colors available for the '73 Vega. (There are new interior colors, too.)

Oh. The nameplate now reads "Vega by Chevrolet" instead of "Chevrolet Vega 2300."

Whoopee.

Free color brochure.

In conclusion, what we have here is a Vega that still looks like a Vega, still handles like a Vega, still rides like a Vega, still saves like a Vega.

And that's not all bad. For the full story, in full color, pick up a free 1973 Vega brochure.

At your Chevrolet dealer's of course.



Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

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The American Red Cross

19TH HOLE

from that of a football team. But some players are contemplating a walkout.

DANIEL W. BROMLEY

Middleton, Wis.

MIKE MARSHALL

Srs.

I am glad to see recognition come to Mike Marshall. *The Times* "Lon Hulse Out, Sept. 18," Before Marshall enjoyed the success his screwball has brought about, baseball treated him harshly. As Jim Houston revealed in *Ball Five*, Marshall's teammates laughed at the egghead's unconventional ways.

If Marshall had remained a marginal pitcher, he would no doubt be out of the game today, while a marginally skilled clubhouse comedian, one comfortable with baseball's smaller minds, would conceivably remain in the game as a coach or scout. Hopefully, baseball's mistreatment of one of its most intelligent relief pitchers will not discourage Marshall from remaining a part of the sport, someday perhaps to save it.

TRACY BARR

Los Angeles

VINNY'S VICTORY

Srs.

As a devotee of your magazine for many years and being accustomed to its excellence, I eagerly opened your Sept. 11 issue to read your customary one- or two-page treatment of the National Amateur golf tournament. I was shocked and dismayed to find this great event covered by a six-line insertion in *FOR THE RECORDS*.

In giving short shrift to the championship itself, you also failed to bring attention to a truly remarkable success story—the winning of the Amateur by Vinny Giles. Consider the record of this six-time Virginia Amateur champion in his previous five appearances in the U.S. Amateur, he was second by a shot at Biscayne in 1967, second again by a shot at Seaside in 1968, second by five shots at Oakmont in 1969, sixth in Portland in 1970 and third last year at Wilmington. His consistency and perseverance finally paid off this year in Charlotte, where he left the field behind to win by three strokes. Vinny also has represented the U.S. well in two Walker Cup and two World Amateur Team championships.

Although I realize that you were occupied with Olympic coverage and compiling the College Football Issue, I feel you did all amateur golfers a disservice by your inadequate coverage of this event.

STEPHEN H. WATTS

Charleston, W. Va.

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



Ten championship golf courses on the Mississippi Gulf Coast stay busy all summer long. In winter, golfers come in droves to play. But golfers who have discovered the Mississippi Gulf Coast in the Fall are trying to keep it a big secret. No wonder. The weather is superb. No gloomy days... just beautiful warm sun all Fall long. The courses are green and in perfect playing condition. They're uncrowded, too.

You can get in on the secret. Send for our free color folder and information on special golf packages.

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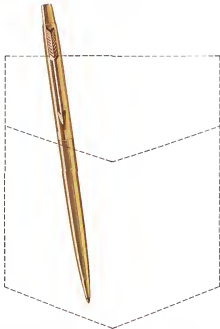
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Mississippi Gulf Coast Secret

Mail to: Chamber of Commerce of Biloxi, Gulfport, Long Beach, or Pass Christian, Miss.

They said we'd lose our shirt



Our pen designers gave us a thin smile and said: "You want us to design the slimmest pen Parker's ever made?"

"Correct," we said, "But only on the outside. Leave lots of room for ink."

"You mean you want it to write a long time?"

"Several times longer than the ordinary ballpoint. Months longer per cartridge, at least."

"You want it to have a 22K gold electroplate case?"

"Of course."

"But not to weigh more than an ounce—one ounce?"

"One beautifully balanced ounce," we said evenly. They

sighed deeply, and continued to peruse the list.

"You want the pen to start writing instantly. You say you don't want the ball to slip or skip."

"Microscopic texturizing should do it," we ventured.

"And you want a choice of five point sizes?"

"For different kinds of writing," we said. "Broad, Medium, Fine, Extra-fine and Extra-extra-fine."

"No one's been able to design a pen like that?" they said. "Let alone guarantee it!"

"We can," we said. "And we'll guarantee it against defects for the owner's lifetime. Or we'll repair or replace it—free."

"A pen like that would cost a fortune!"

"\$8.50," we said.

The designers walked away in a bit of a daze. "You're gonna lose your shirt," they mumbled.

"You're gonna lose your shirt."

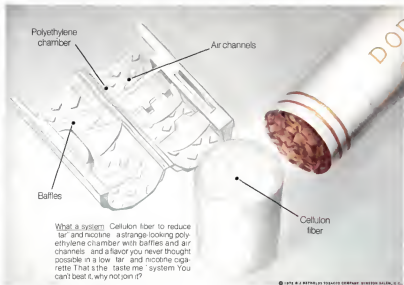
But they made it. The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen. And we sell it for \$8.50.

So give it to someone who really matters. Someone to whom you'd give the shirt off your back. After all, it's our shirt!

 **PARKER**

Maker of the world's most wanted pens

The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen in 22K gold electroplate is \$8.50. With matching Cartridge Penoil, \$17.00. A desirable gift for personal or business friends. Other fine Parker pens to own or give, from the \$1.58 Jotter Ball Pen to the \$150 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.



The "taste me" system...

low "tar" & nicotine smokers swear by it.

"I swear
you can **really**
taste me."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine. MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar",
1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '72.